

THE
CRITICAL REVIEW:
Series the Fifth.

VOL. IV.]

OCTOBER, 1816.

[No. IV.]

ART. I.—*A Diary of a Journey into North Wales, in the Year 1774, by Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. Edited with illustrative notes, by R. DUPPA, L. L. B. Barrister at Law. London, Jennings, 1816. 8vo. pp. 286.*

THIS posthumous work of Dr. Johnson brings to our recollection the sentiment of Shenstone.

“ Though weeping virgins haunt his favoured urn,
Renew their chaplets and repeat their sighs,
Though near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies ?”

Elegy on Posthumous Reputation.

Whatever may be the care with which an author may preserve his own repute by seasonable publication, if a scrap or a fragment be left unedited after his death to which his name can give currency, there will ever be an attentive friend at hand, who from some motive or other will disappoint his solicitude, and expose him in all his nakedness and infirmity to the compassion or contempt of mankind.

It is not our disposition to adopt the sickly cant of “*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*,” we would rather resort to the ancient Egyptian policy of submitting the actions of the dead to the tribunal of the living; but we would not have every recess of learned privacy emptied of its contents to render a man the medium of his own degradation, when he is no longer able to defend himself from the venom of the shafts of those who have long yielded to the vigour of his bow. We have however no anxiety on this occasion for the reputation of the venerable tourist; it is neither to be injured by malicious criticism or officious friendship, and to employ his own metaphor, its blaze will neither be blown out or die in the socket, and he will be among the very few “perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.”

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We do not wish hastily to attribute to Mr. Duppa, the editor of this little volume, any intention to defame Dr. Johnson; we know that different opinions are entertained on the subject to which we are adverting; and if he think it decent or proper to give this alternation of fatigue and repose, sickness and health, exhaustion and repletion to the world, we have little objection, but we have some dislike that it should be called a journey into North Wales, and converted into a sort of counterpart to the "*Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*," so much and so justly admired for the vivacity of the descriptions and the philosophical views of society it presents.

We are the more ready to excuse Mr. Duppa, because he really appears to be sensible of the merits of Dr. Johnson, and so much so, that he anticipates the circulation of "more last words," from such high authority, without any intrinsic worth to recommend this literary codicil to public notice. He would have us except, however, the comparison of Hawkestone and Ilam, in which for the first time, he supposes the doctor to have shewn the interest he felt in the beauties of nature. Whether the editor seriously imagined, that from these few sentences preserved, he had discovered a new trait in the expressive mind of his author, or whether the bare pretence to this new feature is to apologize for the feeble portrait he has now unexpectedly produced, thirty years after the decease of the original, we do not pretend to determine; but of this we are assured that no other man who reads the account will be at all inclined to differ from his former opinion of Johnson, that acute and active as his sensibility was to moral beauty, to natural beauty as displayed in the magnificent scenery of this gay and resplendent globe, he was as obtuse and tardy in his feelings as it was possible for any one to be under the subsisting harmony between moral and natural objects.

Those who follow us in our extracts, and recollect the ardour and enthusiasm which were awakened by the same scenes in other travellers, will have no doubt of the incorrectness of the conclusion of Mr. Duppa; but the author himself has disposed of it in a line, "We then went to see a cascade," says the doctor, "I trudged unwillingly and was not sorry to find it dry." (p. 77.) The state of this cascade was that of the author; he was arid to such scenes, although he could overflow in the contemplation of the sublime operations of providence in the intellectual world.

But we are perhaps less pleased with the form than the substance of this work. With an ordinary type, and an economical margin, the whole might be reduced to the size of a sixpenny or shilling pamphlet, but from some mercenary interest, which at the expense of general information and convenience should not be indulged, with the help of a large print, numerous sections, a prolix itinerary, a useless index, and notes as copious as they are frivolous, it is extended to the proportion of a nine shilling book: or, in the vulgar and intelligible phrase, familiar to the trade, it is a catchpenny publication. We are not apprized to whom this disgraceful contrivance is to be ascribed, but whenever and wherever we discover the practice of it, it shall not escape our reprobation. There is no occasion on which we are more anxious that there should be value received than in the purchase of knowledge, and we think any expedients to mislead the public into an unfair application of their money in books, much more disreputable, than the vulgar frauds of hawkers and pedlars: from the one you expect only frippery and tinsel; but from the other philosophy and truth.

We have been told, but we know not with what accuracy, that the manuscript of the diary, which is now in the hands of the publisher, was obtained from a black servant of the doctor; but how it was originally procured, and in what situation it was preserved we have no particulars. We are of opinion that it ought to have devolved into other hands, and if it had been purloined or mislaid, to them it ought to have been restored. Under the obscurity, some light should be afforded to the public, and the reader will not be satisfied without it, for there will be those who suspect misconduct, and who will be the more anxious to indulge unfavourable inferences from the indignation they feel at the injury they suppose, the high character of this eminent writer to have sustained, by the present publication.

Many circumstances concur to shew that Dr. Johnson did not intend that these tattered shreds of the strong texture of his mind should be exposed in the market for sale. In the first place they are worth nothing, next the work, had remained with numerous orthographical errors, (which may be seen by the inspection of the original,) and without any correction for eleven years; thirdly, his delicacy as to personal infirmities, induced him to intermix the Greek language, and lastly, the journey was professedly undertaken,

not for any picturesque examination of the country, but that the family with whom Dr. Johnson was so intimately connected, might take possession of an estate that had devolved to them of the value of five hundred pounds per annum. This business occupied more time than the editor imagines, according to his preface. He says, that the journey commenced on the 5th of July, 1774, and the return, on the 25th of August. The Diary itself shews that on the 24th of September, the travellers were at Mr. Burke's at Beaconsfield, from whence they "went home."

But if the publication were not intended by the author in the present shape, it may be imagined, that when expanded by subsequent reflection, the doctor designed to give it to the world. The best answer to this conjecture is, that he did not do so: that although he was at the time of the journey correcting the press for his Scottish tour, and in the habit of the sort of composition, he did not indulge that habit; and he employed himself in no publication in the sequel, the *Lives of the Poets* excepted, a most valuable addition to biography and criticism, whatever may be thought of the severity of the writer, as to some of the characters. If it be alleged that his growing infirmities prevented his fulfilling the purpose of delivering this Tour in Wales in a proper form to the press, the reply is that the laborious and ingenious work to which we have just referred, shews the continued vigour of his masculine understanding, and indeed its improved state, for he then abandoned that turgid style approaching to the bombastic and pompous, by which his early compositions, and especially his *Ramblers*, are deteriorated. His corporeal debility did not press severely upon him until the year 1783, nine years after inditing these irregular notes for which we are indebted to Mr. Duppa. A paralytic stroke at that period alarmed his friends, and asthma with dropsical symptoms following, his valuable life was terminated on the 13th of December, 1785, when he was unquestionably the most conspicuous literary genius of his country, and a distinguished ornament to moral science and philosophy in every other.

But it is time that we should gratify the curiosity of our readers as to the work itself; and that they may not be disappointed from lofty expectations of whatever proceeds from the pen of Johnson, we will premise, that the tour is not calculated to display the magnificent scenery he visited, but the operations of a great and powerful mind in

its meanest attire—in its night-gown and slippers, if we may so express ourselves,—when it was consulting only its own ease and indulgence, without an observing eye, or a listening ear, like the editor's, to expose its eccentricities and aberrations.

Until we come to the description of Dovedale, in the 18th page, we have nothing but remarks in the shortest form of an itinerary journal, including names of places and persons, with distances and accommodations. He then proceeds.

"At Dovedale, with Mr. Langley and Mr. Flint. It is a place that deserves a visit; but did not answer my expectation. The river is small; the rocks are grand. Reynard's Hall is a cave very high in the rock; it goes backward several yards, perhaps eight. To the left is a small opening, through which I crept, and found another cavern, perhaps four yards square; at the back was a breach yet smaller, which I could not easily have entered, and, wanting light, did not inspect.

"I was in a cave yet higher, called Reynard's Kitchen. There is a rock called the Church, in which I saw no resemblance that could justify the name.*

"Dovedale is about two miles long. We walked towards the head of the Dove, which is said to rise about five miles above two caves called the Dog-holes, at the foot of Dovedale.

"In one place, where the rocks approached, I proposed to build an arch from rock to rock over the stream, with a summer-house upon it.

"The water murmured pleasantly among the stones.

"I thought that the heat and exercise mended my hearing. I bore the fatigue of the walk, which was very laborious, without inconvenience.

"There were with us Gilpin and Parker. Having heard of this place before, I had formed some imperfect idea, to which it did not answer. Brown says he was disappointed. I certainly expected a large river where I found only a clear quick brook. I believe I had imaged a valley enclosed by rocks, and terminated by a broad expanse of water.

"He that has seen Dovedale has no need to visit the Highlands."
(p. 18—21.)

Those who have visited the magnificent edifice of Lord Scarsdale, at Kedleston, would not thank us for transcribing the account of it here given, shewing only, that in architecture the author was no proficient; nor would they be obliged by our extracting his remarks on the machinery

* "This rock is supposed rudely to resemble a tower; hence, it has been called the Church."

of a silk-mill, the process of salt-making, the preparation of papier maché, or on the splendid works at Boulton's,* which would expose further his utter ignorance of all that relates to practical mechanics and chemistry. His genius had taken a different direction, and it was a mark of his wisdom, if he selected for it the course on which he could outrun all his competitors. Victory was the constant object of his pursuit, even in the friendly contests of domestic intercourse and familiar conversation, and he rarely failed to acquire it, either by dexterity or strength.

At Pool's Hole, near Buxton, our traveller was unwilling to encounter the difficulties it presented, and, therefore, taking an imperfect view, he gives an inadequate description of it; but as the editor relies much upon the comparison of the beauties of Hawkestone and Ilam for the reception of his publication, and the novelty he assumes to have discovered in the mind of his author, we will supply the whole passage.

"We saw Hawkestone, the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, and were conducted by Miss Hill over a large tract of rocks and woods; a region abounding with striking scenes and terrific grandeur. We were always on the brink of a precipice, or at the foot of a lofty rock; but the steep was seldom naked: in many places, oaks of uncommon magnitude shot up from the crannies of stone; and where there were no trees, there were underwoods and bushes.

"Round the rocks is a narrow path, cut upon the stone, which is very frequently hewn into steps; but art has proceeded no further than to make the succession of wonders safely accessible. The whole circuit is somewhat laborious: it is terminated by a grotto cut in the rock to a great extent, with many windings, and supported by pillars, not hewn into regularity, but such as imitate the spots of nature, by asperities and protuberances.

"The place is without any dampness, and would afford an habitation not uncomfortable. There were from space to space seats cut out in the rock. Though it wants water, it excels Dovedale by the extent of its prospects, the awfulness of its shades, the horrors of its precipices, the verdure of its hollows, and the loftiness of its rocks. The ideas which it forces upon the mind are, the sublime, the dreadful, and the vast. Above is inaccessible altitude; below is horrible profundity. But it excels the garden of Ilam only in extent.

"Ilam has grandeur, tempered with softness; the walker congratulates his own arrival at the place, and is grieved to think he

* Of this last he only says: "We then went to Boulton's, who led us through the shops. I could not distinctly see his enginery. Twelve dozen of buttons for three shillings. Spoons struck at once."

must ever leave it. As he looks up to the rocks, his thoughts are elevated; as he turns his eyes on the vallies, he is composed and soothed.

"He that mounts the precipices at Hawkestone, wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return. His walk is an adventure, and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors, of solitude; a kind of turbulent pleasure, between fright and admiration.

"Ilam is the fit abode of pastoral virtue, and might properly diffuse its shades over nymphs and swains; Hawkestone can have no fitter inhabitants than giants of mighty bone and bold emprise—men of lawless courage and heroic violence. Hawkestone should be described by Milton, and Ilam by Parnel." (p. 38—43.)

Now the reader has had an opportunity of judging for himself as to the felicity of this description, we shall not be disposed to detract a syllable from what we have before said with regard to it: yet it has merit; the author was awake to the magnificence and loveliness of the scene; and if he do not exhibit it with the pencil of an artist, he felt the close alliance between moral and natural beauty; and from his keen perception of the one, he supplies a happy illustration of the other.

Our author proceeds to Mold, the siege of which is mentioned by the Welsh historians as among the most brilliant achievements of their annals; then to Llewenny, at the bottom of a vale, with a beautiful screen of wood behind it, having Denbigh Castle full in view, as the grand feature of the prospect. The note on these scenes is as follows:—

"We entered Wales, dined at Mold, and came to Llewenny:

"We were at Llewenny.

"In the lawn at Llewenny is a spring of fine water, which rises above the surface into a stone basin, from which it runs to waste, in a continual stream, through a pipe.

"There are very large trees.

"The hall at Llewenny is forty feet long, and twenty-eight broad; the gallery one hundred and twenty feet long, all paved; the library forty-two feet long, and twenty-eight broad; the dining-parlours thirty-six feet long, and twenty-six broad.

"It is partly sashed, and partly has casements." (p. 49—51.)

On Bâch y Graig, the seat of the ancestors of Mrs. Thrale, next noticed, we have an observation in the letter to the lady three years subsequent to this visit, which shews the effect of Welsh scenery on the doctor's mind when the first ebullition of feeling had subsided; and it was not very indicative of the permanence of such impressions.

"Boswell," says he, "wants to see Wales; but, except the woods of Bâch y Graig, what is there in Wales that can feed the hunger of ignorance, or quench the thirst of curiosity."

At St. Asaph, the author finds "the bishop very civil;" and this is all the remark he makes, prodigal as he is of praise on some occasions, with regard to the late Dr. Shipley—a person distinguished by all who knew him for the urbanity and refinement of his manners, the acuteness and delicacy of his taste, and the value and extent of his information: but the penetrating eye of Johnson was often blind to the merit of those who differed with him either in religion or politics. In his eulogium on Dr. Watts, we have a sight of the complexion of his thoughts: "Happy," says he, "will be that reader, whose mind is disposed by his verses or his prose to imitate him in all, but his non-conformity—to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God."

Of Denbigh we have a few particulars. The castle is on the lofty summit of an inclined plane of limestone rock, and is about a mile in circumference. Lambert, who came before it during the civil war, found every part inaccessible, until he resorted to the expedient of sapping the well-tower, on which the fortress surrendered.

"We visited Denbigh, and the remains of its castle.

"The town consists of one main street, and some that cross it, which I have not seen. The chief street ascends with a quick rise for a great length: the houses are built, some with rough stone, some with brick, and a few of timber.

"The castle, with its whole enclosure, has been a prodigious pile; it is now so ruined, that the form of the inhabited part cannot easily be traced.

"There are, as in all old buildings, said to be extensive vaults, which the ruins of the upper works cover and conceal, but into which boys sometimes find a way. To clear all passages, and trace the whole of what remains, would require much labour and expense. We saw a church, which was once the chapel of the castle, but is used by the town: it is dedicated to St. Hilary, and has an income of about ——" (p. 58 to 60.)

The old clerk at Dymerschion Church, by his mercenary flattery of Mrs. Thrale, seems to have occasioned a feeling of permanent dislike in the doctor, hardly justified by the weakness which produced it. In the original note, the observation is in this form, and is somewhat varied in the text, as the editor acknowledges: "The old clerk had great

appearance of joy at seeing his mistress, and foolishly said, that he was now willing to die." The author afterwards wrote in a separate column, under the head of "Notes and Additions," "he had a crown," and subsequently there is interlined the word "only," in ink of a different shade. On no occasion of his life did Johnson shew more his detestation of flattery, than at the period when the vanity of Lord Chesterfield excited it. It will be recollected, that the plan of his Dictionary was announced to the public in a pamphlet addressed to that nobleman. In the hope of a dedication, after neglect and abandonment, his lordship thought fit to write some papers in "The World" of a complimentary character. The manly spirit displayed in the letters of Dr. Johnson on that concession are well known, and they contributed more, perhaps, to the mortification of the arrogant peer, than any other circumstance in his ceremonious and courtly history.

But to pursue the journey. We have a brief notice of Ruthin Castle, the ancient defence of some of the avenues into the vale of Clwyd. It is constructed on a rising ground, in an amphitheatre of mountains; and by a little furniture of wood on the foreground, might be rendered exquisitely beautiful.

"Ruthin Castle is still a very noble ruin; all the walls still remain; so that a complete platform, and elevations, not very imperfect, may be taken. It encloses a square of about thirty yards. The middle space was always open.

"The wall is, I believe, about thirty feet high, very thick, flanked with six round towers, each about eighteen feet, or less, in diameter. Only one tower had a chimney, so that there was commodity of living. It was only a place of strength. The garrison had, perhaps, tents in the area." (p. 75—76.)

The umbrageous scenes of Gwynnynog do not seem to have attracted the attention of the doctor so much as the good dinners he obtained. To the pleasures of the hospitable board he was never insensible, and the zest was then heightened by the company of the single individual he met with in the country, who conversed with him on the objects of his literary pursuits. The delightful park of his host, and the lovely valley in the immediate neighbourhood, are forgotten in the gratifications of a kind more congenial to his habits.

"I dined at Mr. Myddleton's, of Gwynnynog. The house was a gentleman's house, below the second rate—perhaps below the

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third—built of stone roughly cut. The rooms were low, and the passage above stairs gloomy, but the furniture was good. The table was well supplied, except that the fruit was bad. It was truly the dinner of a country gentleman. Two tables were filled with company, not inelegant.

"After dinner, the talk was of preserving the Welsh language. I offered them a scheme. Poor Evan Evans was mentioned, as incorrigibly addicted to strong drink. Washington was commended. Myddleton is the only man, who, in Wales, has talked to me of literature. I wish he were truly zealous. I recommended the republication of David ap Rhees's *Welsh Grammar*." (p. 79—81.)

The doctor now approached

"The rude rocks
Of Penmaen Mawr, heaped hideous to the sky."

A scene more of grandeur and immensity than of beauty, on account of the angular form, and unbroken magnitude of the object. From thence leaving this lofty elevation, and its neighbour Penmaenbach, he advanced into a rich country, occupying a recess of the mountains in which is situated the abyss of the Devil's Cauldron. From hence is discovered Bangor, screened by a woody distance, and beyond it, winding round like an extended low bank, the Isle of Anglesea. The traveller next took the direction of the town and spacious castle of Beaumaris, which is on a square regular plan, and strengthened with towers on every side. These situations with the beautiful town of Caernarvon, and the magnificent fortress in the vicinity, are thus described:

"Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and found a way, lately made, very easy, and very safe. It was cut smooth, and enclosed between parallel walls; the outer of which secures the passenger from the precipice, which is deep and dreadful. This wall is here and there broken, by mischievous wantonness. The inner wall preserves the road from the loose stones, which the shattered steep above it would pour down. That side of the mountain seems to have a surface of loose stones, which every accident may crumble. The old road was higher, and must have been very formidable. The sea beats at the bottom of the way.

"At evening the moon shone eminently bright; and our thoughts of danger being now past, the rest of our journey was very pleasant. At an hour somewhat late, we came to Bangor, where we found a very mean inn, and had some difficulty to obtain lodging. I lay in a room, where the other bed had two men.

"We obtained boats to convey us to Anglesea, and saw Lord Bulkeley's House, and Beaumaris Castle.

" I was accosted by Mr. Lloyd, the Schoolmaster of Beaumaris, who had seen me at University College; and he, with Mr. Roberts, the Register of Bangor, whose boat we borrowed, accompanied us. Lord Bulkeley's house is very mean, but his garden is spacious, and shady with large trees and smaller interspersed. The walks are straight, and cross each other, with no variety of plan; but they have a pleasing coolness, and solemn gloom, and extend to a great length.

" The castle is a mighty pile; the outward wall has fifteen round towers, besides square towers at the angles. There is then a void space between the wall and the castle, which has an area enclosed with a wall, which again has towers, larger than those of the outer wall. The towers of the inner castle are, I think, eight. There is likewise a chapel entire, built upon an arch as I suppose, and beautifully arched with a stone roof, which is yet unbroken. The entrance into the chapel is about eight or nine feet high, and was, I suppose, higher, when there was no rubbish in the area.

" This castle corresponds with all the representations of romancing narratives. Here is not wanting the private passage, the dark cavity, the deep dungeon, or the lofty tower. We did not discover the well. This is the most compleat view that I have yet had of an old castle. It had a moat.

" The towers.

" We went to Bangor.

" We went by water from Bangor to Caernarvon, where we met Paoli and Sir Thomas Wynne. Meeting by chance with one Troughton, an intelligent and loquacious wanderer, Mr. Thrale invited him to dinner. He attended us to the castle, an edifice of stupendous magnitude and strength; it has in it all that we observed at Beaumaris, and much greater dimensions: many of the smaller rooms floored with stone are entire; of the larger rooms, the beams and planks are all left: this is the state of all buildings left to time. We mounted the Eagle Tower by one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches. We did not find the well; nor did I trace the moat; but moats there were, I believe, to all castles on the plain, which not only hindered access, but prevented mines. We saw but a very small part of this mighty ruin, and in all these old buildings the subterraneous works are concealed by the rubbish.

" To survey this place would take much time: I did not think there had been such buildings; it surpassed my ideas." (p. 96—106.)

The doctor appears to have been seriously impressed on visiting Bodville.

" We went to see Bodville. Mrs. Thrale remembered the rooms, and wandered over them with recollection of her childhood. This species of pleasure is always melancholy. The walk was cut down, and the pond was dry. Nothing was better." (p. 109—110.)

The same sentiment is pourtrayed with exquisite taste and feeling in "The Pleasures of Memory."

"To thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play:
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind."

ROGERS.

By Snowdon, the prominent feature of Welsh scenery, the author does not seem to have been placed in a state of agreeable excitement, and we are not surprised, as it is not sufficiently connected: the limbs of this huge giant are too much dispersed, and out of proportion; and it is in truth fitly described as "a bleak dreary waste, without any pleasing combination of parts, or any rich furniture of wood, or well-constructed rock."

"We visited, with Mrs. Wynne, Llyn Badarn and Llyn Beris, two lakes, joined by a narrow strait. They are formed by the waters which fall from Snowdon, and the opposite mountains. On the side of Snowdon are the remains of a large fort, to which we climbed with great labour. I was breathless and harassed. The lakes have no great breadth, so that the boat is always near one bank or the other." (p. 115—116.)

Conway Castle attracted a little attention, but the scenery around it is disregarded by our author, although it is considered to afford one of the most magnificent views in the circuit of North Wales. The building stands on a knoll of the bay, with a wood in the back-ground, and is on a scale suited to the grandeur of the objects.

"At Conway we took a short survey of the castle, which afforded us nothing new. It is larger than that of Beaumaris, and less than that of Caernarvon. It is built upon a rock so high and steep that it is even now very difficult of access. We found a round pit, which was called the well; it is now almost filled, and therefore dry. We found the well in no other castle." (p. 121.)

The author then quits Wales. To Shrewsbury, where Falstaff's valour was so eminently displayed, only a few lines are devoted. The town derives its name from a Saxon word signifying bushy-hill, but the wood has disappeared;

yet it retains a venerable character from the marks of antiquity about it. Mr. Gwynn, of whom the doctor speaks so unceremoniously, is an architect of considerable celebrity.

"I sent for Gwynn, and he shewed us the town. The walls are broken, and narrower than those of Chester. The town is large, and has many gentlemen's houses, but the streets are narrow. I saw Taylor's library. We walked in the Quarry; a very pleasant walk by the river. Our inn was not bad." (p. 129—130.)

At Shrewsbury the accommodations were indifferent, and there always was in such cases an unfavourable effect produced on the mind of the doctor. At Worcester he was no doubt better situated; but there were other circumstances to contribute to his gratification in this city. It is one of the neatest and most beautiful places in England. The cathedral, which is a splendid gothic pile, gives occasion to a comparison with the church of Litchfield, in which he with pleasure distinguishes a ground of preference to his native place.

"We went to Worcester, a very splendid city. The cathedral is very noble, with many remarkable monuments. The library is in the chapter house. On the table lay the Nuremberg Chronicle, I think of the first edition. We went to the china warehouse.

"The cathedral has a cloister. The long aisle is, in my opinion, neither so wide nor so high as that of Lichfield." (p. 132—134.)

The doctor, we believe, never in his writings avowed any attachment to the University of Oxford, where he was maintained by Mr. Corbet as a companion to his son. He was entered a commoner at Pembroke when nineteen years of age, but was careless of his character and conduct, whether in regard to discipline or study; and after the departure of his young friend, he was reduced to a condition of great poverty. Yet his mind was not depressed by his circumstances, and he translated Pope's *Messiah* into Latin hexameters, if not with classic correctness, in a style of extraordinary vigour. His pursuit was general knowledge, and finding it not to be attained in the confined studies of academical establishments, he left Oxford without taking a degree; so that it was not until the lapse of nearly half a century that he obtained the diploma of doctor of laws from the University, and by the interest of Lord North, not gratuitously or voluntarily conferred.*

* Johnson had before obtained the same rank from the Dublin University, which he declined to assume.

Yet he was desirous of this distinction, and had then published the whole of those works that raised him to the pinnacle of literary fame, the *Lives of the Poets* excepted, with which he concluded his labours as an author.

At Oxford he seems to have shut himself up with Mr. Coulson, senior fellow of University College; a man resembling the doctor in appearance, and who is the person designated in the *Rambler* under the name of "Gelidus the Philosopher." "The ladies," our traveller says, "wandered about the University." The only conversation he mentions is with Dr. Vansittart, the uncle of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who communicated to him the particulars of some disorder with which he was afflicted. He now concludes, "Afterwards we were at Burke's (Beaconfield), where we heard of the dissolution of the parliament. We went home."

Such is this *Diary of a Journey into North Wales*, and if the reader be not satisfied with the justice of the observations we made, as introductory to our extracts from the work, it is, perhaps, because we have neither thought it would be acceptable or amusing to introduce every catch word and evanescent feeling, which could be intended only to assist the recollection of the author, and which might with him reproduce former associations, but would be either wholly unintelligible or utterly useless to the individual whose mind had not been under the same impressions, and indeed to every one but the writer.

No conclusion can be fairly drawn as to the declining strength of the doctor's mind from this short fragment; indeed, at the time of penning these notes he was in the full vigour of his understanding, although sixty-five years of age. He had received his pension in 1762, and published his edition of *Shakespeare* in 1765; but it was not until 1770, four years prior to this journey, that he interfered ostensibly in any political controversy; and then he wrote "*False Alarm*," when the constitution was by some supposed to have received a violent shock from the resolutions of the House of Commons in the case of John Wilkes. The next year appeared "*Falkland's Island*," to shew the folly of going to war on account of the conduct of Spain; and in the same year of the *Journey to Wales* (1774), he published "*The Patriot*," on the eve of the general election, of which, as we have seen, he first obtained information at Mr. Burke's, at Beaconfield. "*Taxation no Tyranny*," which came out in 1775, was directed against the American Congress; and it

was from the utility of such publications to the ministry, and the respect the highest officer in it entertained for an accomplished scholar, that he acquired the degree from Oxford, to which we have already adverted.

To the Diary is subjoined, in the aphoristic method, "Opinions and Observations, by Dr. Johnson;" and these, equally on account of the authority from which they are derived, the peculiar felicity with which they are stated, and the intrinsic merit they possess, we cannot persuade ourselves to omit.

" 1. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more and better than in time past.

" 2. Of real evils the number is great; of possible evils there is no end.

" 3. The desire of fame not regulated, is as dangerous to virtue as that of money.

" 4. Flashy, light, and loud conversation, is often a cloak for cunning; as shewy life, and a gay outside, spread now and then a thin covering over avarice and poverty.

" 5. There are few minds to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt; and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome.

" 6. Old times have bequeathed us a precept, to *be merry and wise*; but who has been able to observe it? Prudence soon comes to spoil our mirth.

" 7. The advice that is wanted is commonly unwelcome, and that which is not wanted is evidently impertinent.

" 8. It is very rarely that an author is hurt by his critics. The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket; a very few names may be considered as perpetual lamps that shine unconsumed.

" 9. There is no wisdom in useless and hopeless sorrow; but there is something in it so like virtue, that he who is wholly without it, cannot be loved, nor will by me at least be thought worthy of esteem.

" 10. In the world there is much tenderness where there is no misfortune, and much courage where there is no danger.

" 11. He that has less than enough for himself, has nothing to spare; and as every man feels only his own necessities, he is apt to think those of others less pressing, and to accuse them of withholding what in truth they cannot give. He that has his foot firm upon dry ground may pluck another out of the water; but of those that are all afloat, none has any care but for himself.

" 12. Attention and respect give pleasure, however late or however useless. But they are not useless when they are late; it is reasonable to rejoice, as the day declines, to find that it has been spent with the approbation of mankind.

" 13. Cool reciprocations of esteem are the great comforts of life; hyperbolical praise only corrupts the tongue of the one, and the ear of the other.

" 14. The fortuitous friendships of inclination or vanity, are at the mercy of a thousand accidents.

" 15. A sudden blaze of kindness may, by a single blast of coldness, be extinguished. Esteem of great powers or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week; but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost; but an *old friend* never can be found, and nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

" 16. Incommunicative taciturnity neither imparts nor invites friendship, but reposes on a stubborn sufficiency self-centred, and neglects the interchange of that social officiousness by which we are habitually endeared to one another. To be without friendship, is to be without one of the first comforts of our present state. To have no assistance from other minds in resolving doubts, in appeasing scruples, in balancing deliberations, is a very wretched destitution.

" 17. Faith in some proportion to fear." (p. 150—156.)

It is well known, that the venerable scholar who was the author of these aphorisms, was long engaged in the conduct of this Review: to him the learned were, in 1756, indebted for its birth, and for its honourable reception both at home and abroad. The year prior to the undertaking, he had placed himself above all competition by his Dictionary, forming the standard of our language, and the pages of this work were subsequently distinguished as the practical application of that acknowledged test of English composition. If we, his unworthy successors, under the strong impulse of gratitude, have shewn some severity towards Mr. Duppa, we might be excused; but, conscious of our own impartiality, we seek no apology, and ask no justification.

ART. II.—*The Naiad, a Tale; with other Poems.* London, Taylor and Hessey, 1816. 8vo. pp. 63.

THE principal poem in this small collection, is of a class which of late has attracted considerable admiration among readers who are satisfied with what may be called poetical prettinesses—little scintillations of beauty, disclosed by a man who inspects and enjoys the minuter delicacies of objects, whether natural or artificial—who will rather smile at the daisy opening in the shade its yellow-fringed eye, than be charmed by the stupendous form and noble sweeps of the foliage of the forest-tree that occasions its seclusion—who if he enter a Gothic cathedral (which is to art what the

forest-tree is to nature) will receive sprightly delight from the exact carving of a kneeling saint, or the high finish of a humble shrine, while the magnificent choir, and the lofty aisle, whose termination (the emblem of human existence) is lost in mysterious gloom, fail to make any impression upon his mind.

This may be termed intellectual near-sightedness:—the organs of a person so affected may be more penetrating and durable; they may even be sensible to little touches of beauty that escape others; but they are precluded from embracing wide-extended prospects, and of estimating and enjoying the grand or the sublime. The species of composition of such a man, therefore, is only a second-rate sort of descriptive poetry, which, as our readers know, is itself only second-rate in the general scale of the productions of the muse; and he must be satisfied with the share of praise due to the rank such poems are entitled to hold. As faces, that are merely pretty, without the features of grandeur and dignity, are often insignificant, and sometimes become mean, so this kind of versification, which has not the higher qualities of the art, is apt to degenerate into affected trifling, and paltry conceit: those writers who attempt the loftier walks, are frequently turgid and bombastic; and those who take a lower aim at mere prettinesses, run into the contrary extreme, and produce what is petty and unmeaning.

Although, upon the whole, we have been much gratified by "*The Naiad*," we cannot say that it is free from the fault to which we have last alluded; but we must admit, on the other hand, that the prettinesses are in many places as refined and delicate as any that we have read: the opening is singularly beautiful; all the little touches are given with a grace and precision not easily rivalled.

" 'Twas autumn-tide,—the eve was sweet,
As mortal eye hath e'er beholden;
The grass look'd warm with sunny heat,—
Perchance some fairy's glowing feet
Had lightly touch'd, and left it golden:
A flower or two were shining yet,
The star of the daisy had not yet set,—
It shone from the turf to greet the air,
Which tenderly came breathing there:
And in a brook, which lov'd to fret
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,
The lily of the silvery hue
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.

Away the sparkling water play'd,
 Through bending grass, and blessed flower;
 Light and delight seem'd all its dower:
 Away in merriment it stray'd,—
 Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,
 Pale, lovely splendour to the shade.
 Ye would have given your hearts to win
 A glimpse of that fair willow'd brook:
 The water lay glistening in each leafy nook,
 And the shadows fell green and thin.
 As the wind passed by, the willow trees,
 Which lov'd for aye on the wave to look,
 Kiss'd the pale stream,—but disturb'd and shook,
 They wept tears of light at the rude, rude breeze.
 At night, when all the planets were sprinkling
 Their little rays of light on high,
 The busy brook with stars was twinkling,—
 And it seem'd a streak of the living sky;
 'Twas heavenly to walk in the autumn's wind's sigh,
 And list to that brook's lonely tinkling."

It is to poetry like this that the lines of an almost unknown, and very unequal, old poet apply, when he is speaking of the pleasures he received from the remembrance of the delightful occupations of his youth, augmented by an ardent love for the Muses.

" In my former days of bliss,
 Its divine skill taught me this:
 That, from every thing I saw,
 I could some invention draw;
 And raise pleasure to her height
 Through the meanest object's sight:
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least boughs rusteling;
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed;
 Or a shady bush or tree:
 It could more infuse in me
 Than all natures beauties can
 In some other wiser man."

Wither's "Shepherd's Hunting," 1620, Eccl. 4.

The story of the poem is introduced by the author of "The Naiad" in the mode above quoted. Lord Hubert, accompanied by a page, is riding towards his castle through this scene, when he is addressed by a Naiad, who appears on the surface of the brook: notwithstanding the entreaties of his page, he is seduced by her alluring artifices: he em-

braces her, and follows her into the water, through which he sinks, and is never again heard of: the young bride, whom he had forsaken for the Naiad, dies of grief at the desertion of her lord. This story, as the author states, is taken from a Scotch ballad, procured from a young girl of Galloway; but whether he was unwilling that a comparison should be instituted, or whether he imagined that the original was well known, does not appear, but he quotes no part of it, and gives no information where it is to be found: we immediately, however, called to mind *The Mermaid of Galloway*, in the collection published by the late Mr. Cromek in 1810, which, perhaps, is without exception the most fanciful and beautiful production of the kind in any language, abounding with that charming simplicity of style, that rivals the simplicity of the scenes described, and with that affecting pathos, which rather consists in what is left to the mind, than in what is offered to the eye. We do not think, therefore, that the author of "The Naiad" exercised a sound judgment when he undertook to alter it: to succeed, was not to raise himself above his original; and to fail, was to convict himself at once of incompetence in talent and discretion. No man has been more ridiculed by persons of true taste, than the poet (one, too, of no mean name) who ventured to do the same with the *Notbrowne mayde*. It is fair, however, to say, that the author of "The Naiad" has not been quite so imprudent as Prior; for though he has considerably altered *The Mermaid of Galloway*, he has not been vain enough to hazard a modernization of it. The change of the principal agent in the poem from a Mermaid to a Naiad, cannot be called an improvement in the story; because, although to mermaids and syrens mystical and magical properties are ascribed by superstition, such powers and influences have rarely, if ever, been given to Naiads: we have been accustomed to look at them as innocent and beautiful creatures, like Sabrina in *Comus*, rather employed in aiding the unfortunate, than in inveigling and destroying the happy. Neither has the author of "The Naiad" made his nymph nearly as attractive and bewitching as the Mermaid; while, on the other hand, in the remonstrances of the page to Lord Hubert, and the picture the boy draws of the loveliness of the young bride he is about to desert, many more inducements are given him to refrain than are offered to the hero of the Scotch ballad. It was also injudicious in him to introduce the song of the Naiad at all, which, while it possesses little comparative merit, calls to mind many

others of first-rate excellence, from the time of Homer down to the unequalled Syrens' Song in Spenser, and the graceful dialogue between Ulysses and the Syren in the poems of Samuel Daniel. The author of the original more wisely contented himself with describing some of the effects of the voice of his bewitching Mermaid.

" I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang
The birds forsook their young;
An' they flew i' the gate of the gray howlet
To listen the sweet maiden!"

The song is also described as having a magical influence even upon the stars of heaven, and well, therefore, might it seduce a mortal of earth. The song of the Naiad is followed by a few lines of description that are exquisite in their way.

" She play'd with her locks; and she sang to the night,
And her song came mellow'd through her eyes' light;
And ever her hand, with a graceful motion,
Like the rise and fall of a wave on the ocean,
Its pearly brightness was gently bringing,
Under the shade of that hair's silken stringing;
And still on she wander'd tenderly singing."

We must do the author of "The Naiad" the justice to say, that he has described the effect of the seduction of the water-nymph—the manner in which Lord Hubert follows her "to her murmuring dwelling-place," with great success. This is an addition, and an improvement, to his prototype, which merely says:

" She faulded him i' her lilie arms,
An' left her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed owre the sand
As she took the white sea-faem."

The writer of the poem before us has the following lines upon the subject:—

" On the lady glided slow,
Her feet on the grass left a moonlight glow;
On she went close to the water's side,
With a quiet, undulating pride.
The moon shone down upon her coldly,
Lord Hubert follow'd her course right boldly.
At the brink of the brook she paused awhile,
And turned to her earthly love with a smile:—

' Fear not to follow—thou'rt charm'd from death;
The water will love thee, and lend thee breath.'

" She stept into the silver wave,—
And sank, like the morning mist, from the eye;
Lord Hubert paus'd with a misgiving sigh,
And look'd on the water as on his grave.
But a soften'd voice came sweet from the stream,
Such sound doth a young lover hear in his dream;
It was lovely, and mellow'd, and tenderly hollow:—
' Step on the wave, where sleeps the moon-beam;
Thou wilt sink secure through its delicate gleam;
Follow, Lord Hubert!—follow!
He started—pass'd on with a graceful mirth,
And vanish'd at once from the placid earth."

We are sorry that we cannot bestow the same praise upon that part of the poem which relates to the death of the bride: here the old ballad has been tediously expanded, and its simplicity and tenderness have been smothered in an abundance of description: yet even here there are some pretty touches, and the description of daybreak is happily expressed.

We have already observed that this author is not free from the conceits to which this class of poetry is peculiarly liable: the following is not only unnatural in the thought, but in the language.

" And her jewels and rings flung carelessly by,
In dark and rude disorder lie;
No gem left unmov'd,—save the tear in her eye."

Such examples are, however, not numerous; and it would give neither our readers nor ourselves pleasure to collect them. The picture of the Mermaid,

" Its breast is like snow, and its hand is as fair,
Its brow seems a mingling of sunbeam and air," &c.

brought to our mind a most exquisite verse in the *Lord's Marie*—a ballad also in the volume of Mr. Cromek, which the author of "The Naiad" seems to have read attentively.

" Her lips were a cloven hinnie cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks owre her alabaster brows
Fell like the morning light:
And O! her hinney breath lift her locks
As through the dance she flew;
While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue ee,
An' dwelt on her comely mou."

Five minor pieces are included in this small pamphlet, only one of which, "The Fairies," is at all equal to the poem we have just gone through; the rest might be called tolerable in any other company. The words from Mr. Wordsworth, "a simple song to thinking hearts," affixed as a motto to one of them, led us to expect something more than an ordinary tale of disappointed love. The author of "The Naiad," however, displays so much talent, that we hope to see him affix his name to something of higher aim in its subject, and greater originality in its style.

ART. III.—*Letters on the Fine Arts; written from Paris in the Year 1815.* By HENRY MILTON, Esq. London, Longman and Co. 1816. 8vo. pp. 255.

MR. FLAXMAN—perhaps the most deservedly eminent of our British sculptors—is recorded to have lamented, before the destruction of the Museum of the Louvre was contemplated, that the great works of Art, particularly in statuary, had been removed from the places which their presence had for ages consecrated, and had been collected in a focus in the metropolis of France: he regretted it, not so much because it was the effect of national spoliation and robbery, as because he considered it injurious to the study and progress of the fine arts. In opposition to French writers, who speciously vindicated this violation of the rights even of conquered countries, on the ground of general advantage, he held the opinion, that the reverse would be the consequence; and that the huddling together of productions of the chisel or the pencil, which before had been separately viewed and admired, would injure their effect on the minds of the skilful; and with the unlearned and unskilful would produce such a confusion and bewildering, as to render them almost incapable of receiving the delightful impressions these admirable productions would otherwise excite. For ourselves, we can bear witness to the truth of this remark; and we doubt much if most of those who visited Paris in 1815, and who, day after day, with unwearied assiduity, went through the galleries of the Louvre, will not join with us in declaring, after all the panegyrics pronounced upon the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Diana, or the other relics of antiquity, that their expectations were by no means fulfilled by the contemplation of those statues. Not a few of the visitors, we are persuaded, left the halls bitterly disappointed in themselves,—grieved at their own obtuseness,

which could remain almost insensible to the perfections of works that had inspired the eloquence of the ablest writers of the world. The secret, however, is in the opinion of Mr. Flaxman above stated; and happy is it for the cause of justice—and, we may say, of the arts—that these productions have been restored to situations where they may singly receive the homage that is due to them. In the palace of the Belvidere, the Apollo stood, in the centre of a spacious hall, where he presided in single majesty,

“ ————— With no other train
Accompanied than with his own complete
Perfections; in himself was all his state!”

and the Venus of Medici, instead of being exposed among satyrs and centaurs, was allowed in private to disclose those beauties which in public she appeared so anxious to conceal.

Some persons, looking at the present state of the fine arts in Paris—at the paintings of David or Guerin, and at the few works of any excellence produced by French sculptors—have wondered that, with all the advantages her artists possessed in the Museum of the Louvre, France has not outstripped other countries of the world in the various departments of the fine arts. What we have said in the former paragraph will, we apprehend, partly account for the contrary being the fact; and although apparently paradoxical, it would not be very difficult to shew, that public institutions, and even the powerful patronage of the government of a country, contribute much less to the advancement of the fine arts than is generally supposed. The truth of this position may be supported, in some degree, by looking how little has been done for literature by all the efforts of the French Academy, so severely lashed by some of the satirists of their own nation. Whatever may be the case with painting and sculpture, in poetry it is undoubtedly true, that its noblest efforts have been made under circumstances that seemed least to promise success.

In consequence of this disparity between the works of art collected, and those produced, in Paris, the letters on our table are chiefly devoted to the contents of the Louvre, which, at the time the greater part of the volume purports to be written, were yet undisturbed. Mr. Milton states, that his principal object was to give a more complete account of them than had been hitherto published; and certain it is, that very few of the numerous volumes called for by public curiosity on the opening of the Continent, were

sufficiently devoted to this great subject: few of the visitors of the French capital, who were competent to the task, felt inclined to touch upon a subject on which so much had already been said; and those who were incompetent, found that more interest was felt in this country as to the fashions of the people, and the events of the day, than would be excited by any discussion upon valuable and lasting topics. The author of these Letters thus states his design, and the mode in which he endeavoured to accomplish it:—

“ The chief part of these Letters are devoted to remarks on the principal statues and pictures. In submitting them to the public, some explanation of the writer’s intention should perhaps be given.

“ Works of art may be viewed either with reference to the *means* by which they are produced, or to the effect resulting from those means. It is the exclusive privilege of the artist to speak on the former subject; but, on the latter, those who do not possess practical skill may be competent to judge. The labours of the sculptor, the painter, and the architect, would fail of success, if they were only addressed to the artist: they are given to the world: and hence, all will assume to themselves a right to judge and discuss their merits; nor can any production be considered as successful, which gains only the applause of those who view it with reference to the difficulty of its execution, and the accuracy of its parts.

“ The argument has, indeed, been carried still further; and it has been employed to shew, that practical skill is detrimental to general criticism; that the artist loses sight of the end in the means; and that his own peculiar style, the turn of his own study, influences his opinion, or at least occupies too great a portion of his attention. But splendid instances might be adduced, in the literature of our own country, disproving these assertions.—In the criticisms contained in this volume, the author has endeavoured not to encroach on the province of the artist.” (p. v.—vii.)

We shall omit the introductory matter given by Mr. Milton, because it principally relates to points with which all persons are by this time pretty well acquainted, viz. the manner in which the pictures and the statues were disposed in the gallery and halls of the Louvre. He afterwards proceeds to notice *seriatim* many of the principal pictures: the Transfiguration naturally first occupies his attention.

“ *The Transfiguration*, the pride of Italy, and the picture of the first fame in the world, can, alas! scarcely be said to exist as a painting by Raphael. We know, that nearly an hundred years ago it had become extremely dark; it is now by far the brightest of all his works in the collection: and not only from my own very minute examination, but from the remarks which I have heard from several

English artists, I am convinced that it has throughout been newly painted. Anxious to obtain certain information of the fact, I addressed myself the other day to a French artist, who was making an iron copy of *La Belle Jardinière*. He answered my inquiries politely, but did not appear to feel the slightest interest on the subject. 'Yes,' he said, 'it had been restored; he did not know by whom;—some of the people employed about the Museum had done it. Yes, it was very dark before;—he believed that all of it had been painted over—most of it, at least; that is, all the parts that required it;' ending, by very coolly observing, 'that when parts of a picture become imperfect, of course they must be restored.'—This is indeed profanation. The French might have been forgiven for stealing the picture, or even for making it the subject of chemical experiment: but thus to destroy it, is without excuse. The merest wreck of this noble work, genuine from the hand of Raphael, would have been a thousand times more valuable than such a forgery.

"The people employed have, however, done their sacrilegious task better than could have been expected. The expressions of the countenances are admirable; the contours they could scarcely injure; and we may, I suppose, presume that, in the colouring, they followed the original as closely as possible: but the interest of the picture is gone." (p. 45—47.)

Of course, we have no right to doubt the veracity of Mr. Milton; but when we find with what an unfavourable, not to say prejudiced, eye he has looked at every thing that is French, (often with less discrimination than we should have expected from his good sense,) we cannot help thinking that the copy of this story here given has unconsciously received a little higher colouring than the original would warrant: it is most probable that many touches have been given to *The Transfiguration*, that did not proceed from the brush of Raphael, and it is very likely that formerly it was of a darker hue than at present; but surely Mr. Milton must know that, without the addition of a particle of colour, the mere operation of cleaning, by removing the dirt collected on the varnish of the surface, would considerably enliven the appearance of the canvas. We deny the assertion, that this picture is "by far the brightest of all the works of Raphael in the collection." What does Mr. Milton say to the *Belle Jardinière*, of which he has just above accused the French artist of making an iron copy? What does he say to the *Madonna della Sedia*, to *The Assumption*, or even to the *St. Michael*?—all of these are much lighter in colour than the *Transfiguration* in its present state. Mr. Milton does not profess to speak as an artist upon the subject; and it is obvious from his whole work that he has more taste

than science; but these hasty accusations rather savour too much of an affectation of knowledge he does not really possess. He goes at length into all the objections repeatedly urged against this mighty work, such as the division of the picture into two parts, (which is a fault Raphael shared with his master, with his pupil, with Dominichino, with Leonardo da Vinci, and many others,) and the improbability that the persons below should not attend to the Transfiguration which was taking place above. To this the answer is quite as obvious as the objection, viz. that the artist left something to the imagination of the spectator: his object was to make a fine, and not merely a correct picture; it was to be adapted to the purpose for which it was designed; and had he not committed these errors, of which he could not be more ignorant than Mr. Milton, he must have separated his grand whole into two parts,—both of which would have been incomplete, and more unsatisfactory.

The observations of Mr. Milton upon the rest of the pictures of Raphael are extremely cursory, and Julio Romano and Leonardo da Vinci are dismissed in a few words; the unequalled picture of the *Vierge aux Rochérs*, by the latter, is not even mentioned. To Titian, Corregio, and some others, he is more liberal of his pen, ink, and paper; and we must admit that his strictures are dictated by a correct judgment, though few attempts are made at novelty either of thought or expression. We will quote some of his observations upon the modern French school of painting, lamenting that they have not more of the liberality and candour which might be expected from a young man, as Mr. Milton evidently appears to be.

“ When we parted in London, you requested me to give you some account of the present state of the art in France. I am little qualified to do so; as it is difficult, whilst surrounded by a profusion of noble works, to examine with attention what are so decidedly inferior: added to this, many of the paintings on which the French most pride themselves, are at present not visible; the subjects they represent being the victories of Buonaparte, the government has deemed it expedient to cover them with a green cloth. If their merits correspond with their size, they must be the finest pictures in the world.

“ In addition to the works by David which I have just mentioned, I have seen two or three of his portraits: they are splendid paintings; and he is highly skilled in all the mechanical parts of his profession: his faces have that strong appearance of individual expression, which inclines you, without knowing the original, to pronounce them to be likenesses. But his portraits are no more to be compared to those

by Lawrence, than the well-looking ladies and gentlemen of Sir Peter Lely to the breathing and intelligent forms of Vandyck: indeed, I could mention several other English artists greatly his superiors in portrait; and as for history, I may save myself the trouble of comparison, by asserting, that to me they appear absolutely devoid of any merit, except correctness of design.

"In the lofty style of historic painting, of which he and his school arrogate to themselves the exclusive possession, the dramatic management of the subject is the essential attribute. In none of their compositions, with which the prints have made us familiar, can a single instance be shewn in which the subject is treated with grace and dignity, or in which nature is followed judiciously, and without affectation; not a single instance can be adduced, in which a fine idea is simply and felicitously expressed." (p. 87—89.)

We are far from meaning to deny the truth of the censures bestowed upon the Baron David; but the author has somewhat unfairly made him the sole representative of the modern French school. We have not space to enter upon the subject, even were we inclined to do so; but surely Guerin and Girard deserved mention,—more especially the latter, whose vigorous drawing, and masterly colouring, are often pre-eminently successful: he has great failures it is true, which are the almost unavoidable consequences of great attempts. It seems to us (if we may venture to give our opinion) that the fundamental error of the modern artists in France is, that they have not sufficiently regarded the distinction between sculpture and painting; they have confounded the separate provinces of each: thus, the pictures of Guerin (instancing his Phædra and Hippolitus) are too much like statuary; while the statuary (referring particularly to a group of Orestes mentioned by Mr. Milton) encroaches on a department exclusively appropriated to painting. This observation naturally leads us to some judicious remarks made by the author before us upon sculpture and its attributes.

"The added study of each day strengthens my opinion, that the master-charm of sculpture is tranquillity. How well the ancients were convinced of this, is obvious from the very large proportion of statues which are completely in repose. The representation of strong passion, or any kind of violent mental or bodily exertion, is objectionable; but still more to be objected to is the representation of rapid motion. I am well aware that there appear to be many splendid exceptions to the truth of this. You will at once oppose me with some of the finest statues in this collection—the Laocoon, the Gladiators, the copy of the Dioscubulus after Myron, and the

Diana. Let us examine how far these statues do, in reality, make against the proposition which I would enforce.

"In speaking of the *Laocoon*, you must understand me as referring to the principal figure of the group only. *Laocoon* is represented in strong exertion, and agonized both in body and in mind; yet such is the admirable skill of the artist, that we contemplate the figure without horror or disgust; it excites no sensation which is painful to the mind; admiration and pity are the feelings which it produces, and we dwell upon the work with pleasure. The artist, therefore, has succeeded eminently, and the figure of *Laocoon* must be admitted as a complete exception to my rule; but I consider it the only one.

"The *Dying Gladiator*,* in beauty and truth of form, and in execution, is among the finest productions in the Louvre. In mental potency it may be ranked as third in the collection. To what are we to ascribe the effect of this statue on the mind, and the interest and the commiseration which it excites? Solely, as I conceive, to the tranquillity which reigns in the attitude and countenance. The gladiator is wounded mortally: aware of his approaching death, he is solely occupied by the desire of meeting it with calmness, and as may become a man of fortitude and courage: he is reclining on the ground, and with the right arm sustains his body, which leans somewhat forward with great appearance of weight and feebleness; the other arm rests heavily on the right thigh: the countenance indicates strong pain, tranquilly and silently endured; he exerts himself to bear up manfully to the last; but the rapid decline of strength is visible throughout the whole frame, and the bending down of the neck shews the lassitude of approaching death. Nothing can exceed the expression of determined composure both in the countenance and figure: it is this expression which exalts the gladiator into a hero, with whom we sympathize, and whose fate we deplore: were this tranquillity, were this resignation, absent—were he represented in rage, or in despair—or did his fortitude, in any degree, sink beneath his calamity—he would be a mere swordsman, for whom we should feel no interest; and our admiration of the statue would extend only to the correctness of its execution." (p. 130—133.)

Mr. Milton is mistaken, if he supposes that, in contending that repose is "the master-charm of sculpture," he is broaching a novel position; for some writers have even gone as far as to assert, that it was also properly to be considered

* "The French connoisseurs have altered the denomination of this statue, and I think on sufficient grounds: the short and bristling hair, the beard on the upper lip, and the collar which hangs round the neck, lead them to consider it as the representation of a barbarian warrior—a German or a Gaul: they termed it, *Le Guerrier Blessé*. The sword is of the Roman shape; but it, as well as that part of the plinth on which it rests, is modern."

one of the essentials of productions of the pencil. Introductory to the above extract, are some remarks upon the Apollo and the Laocoon, from the excellencies of both which Mr. Milton detracts: he complains first of the discordance between the ages of the father and sons in the latter, and then observes:

"But there is still a more important fault in the composition: the father, in his attitude, his exertions, his look, has nothing which unites him to his children; they implore his aid, but his efforts are for himself alone. Fine and noble, were he represented singly; thus connected, his energy becomes unnatural, selfish, and displeasing. Children on the verge of destruction are in the presence of their father, yet is no paternal feeling expressed: all the affections of the parent—which we are taught to believe powerful even in death—appear lost and absorbed in the sense of his own calamity,—in his efforts to prevent it." (p. 122.)

This objection appears very plausible in the first instance, but it originates in a confusion in the mind of the author between a sense of danger and bodily pain. Laocoon is attacked on all sides by the serpents; he is in agony under their fangs, and the venom has already penetrated to his vitals: such a state absolutely precludes all thought of others, and the artist would have shewn little knowledge of human nature had he made the father otherwise than he is represented: only one of the sons is attacked, and that the instant before the moment chosen by the sculptor, while the other son in terror is endeavouring only to disengage himself from the folds of the serpents. If the sculptor had chosen to display merely the danger, and not the suffering, of an attack, the objection of Mr. Milton would have been just, because the father ought then to have been principally concerned for the safety of his children: that moment is, however, past.

We do not think it necessary to give any of the remarks of Mr. Milton upon the architecture of the public buildings in Paris, because he has not succeeded in saying any thing very new upon them: he shews that he is not ignorant; but nearly all persons who visit France have knowledge enough to be aware that, generally speaking, nothing can be in worse taste than these edifices; and their great defects are too obtrusive to need pointing out with particularity. Mr. Milton does justice to the splendour and grandeur of the Opera House attached to the Palace of Versailles, and, we think, more than justice to the style of the ornaments, than

which nothing can be more inconsistent and ponderous. We copy a few paragraphs upon the subject of theatrical representations in France.

"A very few evenings fixed my opinion of the tragic and comic acting of the French. I am aware how liable we all are to the influence of national prejudice; but I have now attended so many of their performances, as to feel myself, in some degree, justified in giving a decided opinion.—Their tragedy is bad in itself, and to an English taste intolerable; their comedy is very little short of perfection.

"My admiration of the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, remains undiminished: I consider them as highly-beautiful dramatic poems; and not merely calculated to please in the closet, but to produce in the representation a powerful effect, even upon the admirers of Shakspeare: that they fail to do so is to be attributed solely to the manner in which they are performed.

"To speak of the present style of tragic acting in France is to speak of Talma: his authority and his example guide every thing. Talma may, I think, be described as a good actor, acting badly: his action and manner are graceful; his voice powerful, although occasionally indistinct. In passages of strong passion he is certainly great, and almost natural; but his action, though elegant, is too rapid, bustling, and Frenchified, to accord with tragic feeling: in pathetic passages he quits his natural voice, and whines most disagreeably. His declamation is disfigured by tricks which to me appear unpardonable, but which certainly are not considered as defects by the French, since the other actors obviously copy them. Indeed, the minute and servile imitation of Talma, in action, in manner, and in voice, which, with scarcely an exception, all the tragic performers seem anxious to render visible, rather than to conceal; although to us it produces a most ridiculous effect, proves how perfectly the original is suited to the taste of the audience. Of these tricks, the worst is the running one sentence into another: this may sometimes produce a fine effect; but Talma appears to do it when it produces no other effect than totally to destroy the sense. This practice seldom occurs except where the sentence ends the line; and if the object be to hide the rhyme, the advantage is much too dearly bought. Another very frequent impropriety is, that, in order to preserve the flow of the verse, he slurs over words on which the spirit of the passage requires a strong emphasis. Propriety, and even elegance, are sacrificed to effect: thus, in despite of the sense, a dozen lines before a burst of passion, he sinks his voice, and hurries on with undue rapidity; or, if the contrast which he wishes to produce requires it, he will utter as many lines with unmeaning slowness. The mode of singing out the words, though considered by the French as indispensable to tragic speaking, is in a high degree offensive and wearying to an English ear." (p. 216—219.)

Mr. Milton is in error when he states, that the authority and example of Talma guide every thing. Probably, while he resided in Paris, *Lafond* was in the provinces, or he would have seen that that actor had no inconsiderable party of admirers among the visitors of a French theatre: he is comparatively a young man, and is gradually encroaching upon Talma, who, however, has at present sufficient influence to prevent Lafond from appearing in his parts. We are surprised that our author should have forgotten the French tragic actresses altogether: he says nothing of Mad. Duchenois, Mad^{ie}. George, nor of Mad^{ie}. Volnais: the first is the Mrs. Siddons of the Paris stage; and though, perhaps, the plainest woman on the boards, (which goes a great way with her audiences,) is much and justly admired in spite of her ugliness. Mad^{ie}. George is almost entirely indebted to her beauty and fine voice for her popularity; and Mad^{ie}. Volnais, without either the one or the other, by her judgment and feeling never fails to draw down warm applauses.

Having thus given a sketch of the work before us, upon most of the principal topics to which it is devoted, and having inserted our own remarks as we proceeded, we have only to add, that, although not of first-rate excellence in point of originality, it has many claims to approbation from the good sense and correct taste displayed by the author.—It seems obvious that the letters were not actually written in Paris, as, besides other indications, they want the freshness of remark, and ease of style, usually derived from the immediate contemplation of the objects referred to.

ART. IV.—*The Monarchy according to the Charter. By the Viscount DE CHATEAUBRIAND, Peer of France, Minister of State, &c. "The King, the Charter, and Honest Men."* London, John Murray, 1816.

THIS work, in which are discussed the most important topics connected with the freedom and happiness of the people of France, has excited much less attention, or at least been much less read, in that country than in England, which is comparatively little interested in the result. We needed not the statement of the author, nor the assurances of the translator, to be convinced that all the efforts of the misguided cabinet of Paris, and of its emissaries, police, and censors, would be exerted, if not to prevent its appearance, at least to impede its circulation: to those who are at all

acquainted with the weight and complication of the fetters imposed upon the French press—who know that hand-bills, or even cards of address, cannot be delivered in the streets, or in the shops, without the stamp and sanction of the *employés* of the police,—it was enough to be informed, that a work contained enlightened and liberal principles of policy, adverse to the party at present in power, to be convinced that it would meet with every possible obstruction from the practised ingenuity of ministerial spies and of spy-like ministers.

It so happened, that at the time this work of M. de Chateaubriand was put forth, (we cannot say published,) we were in the French capital: we had heard from private sources, some time before, that it was in the press; and when we inquired for it at different booksellers, few admitted that they had any knowledge of it, and not one of them had a copy for sale: we were informed that it was exhibited at a single window in the *Rue Mazarene*, but that it was quickly removed in a way neither very profitable, nor very agreeable, to the bookseller. It would seem extraordinary to those who are not aware of the perfect system of subordination established among the Parisian newspapers, that only one solitary announcement of it was contained in them, and for that offence the editor, as we learn, was obliged to undergo a severe penance. The contrast appears the more striking, when we recollect that the slavish production of *M. Theremin*, “On the Accordance between Legitimacy and Representation,” reviewed in our Number for August, and the scandalous fabrication of *Carnot; sa Vie Politique et Privée*, noticed in our last Review, were so repeatedly advertised and so zealously applauded. A short time ago (before the *interregnum* of 100 days, as it is termed) enlightened Frenchmen, whose sentiments savoured too much of liberty and truth for the atmosphere of the *Thuilleries*, addressed their countrymen, or the court, through the medium of the English press, but now even that channel has been closed, and it is known that all the London journals that speak with any degree of freedom upon French affairs, are prohibited with the utmost severity.

What good can be augured from such a state of things? has been asked a thousand times. Is France, in the nineteenth century, to be treated as if the natives were wrapped in the ignorance of the ninth? Are her inhabitants to be considered merely as the vassals of the crown? Are they to be told at one moment, that they have become too

enlightened to endure longer the yoke of a demoralizing tyranny, and in the next, that they are so incapable of judging, that they must submit without murmur or inquiry to whatever government the scanty relic of the despotic Bourbons may think fit to impose. On the contrary, are not the minds of the natives of France now so cultivated, that truth will spring up in spite of all efforts to cut it down or stifle it; and in reference to the production before us and others, may it not, and will it not, be said, in the words of one of our wisest statesmen, that "it is a spark of truth which flies up in the faces of those who strive to tread it out." Upon this subject M. de Chateaubriand has the following note.

"The work I now publish will, no doubt, afford fresh instances of these kinds of abuse. The journals will be commanded either to abuse or to refuse to advertise it. If any of them should venture to mention it independently, it will be stopped at the post-office, according to custom. I shall, I dare say, see, ay, and *feel* too, the good old times of Fouché and Savary. Nay, libels against me have been published under the royal police, which Savary himself had suppressed as too atrocious. I never complained, because I am sincerely the friend of the freedom of the press, and that according to my principles, I could only complain to the laws—and there are none. Besides, I am accustomed to insults of this nature, and in truth am grown somewhat callous. I individually am but one of little importance, but the principles of my book may be of some; and for this reason, I would entreat the public not to judge of it from the reports of the journals. It attacks a powerful party—that party has the exclusive dominion of these journals; literature and politics continue to be made at the old shop in the police-office: I may then expect every kind of attack; but I may also venture to beg not to be condemned till I shall have been read."

But surely the work before us cannot be offensive to the royal family of France, though it may well be so to the present ministers of that family: an Englishman, on reading it, is rather struck at the high tone with which its author speaks of the irresponsibility of the King. "Sovereign Lord and Master, (he observes in one part,) he owes to no one an account of his reasons; when he speaks *alone*, every one ought to obey cheerfully, but in profound and respectful silence. We go to a new election because he commands it: and when he says to his subjects, *I will*, the law itself has spoken." It is true, that M. de Chateaubriand is here speaking of the exercise of a prerogative, which he contends

ought to be greater in France than in England; but his whole work is most decidedly *ultra-royalist*, and the true objection to it in France is, that it is *anti-ministerial*, and therefore strenuously opposed to the growing *revolutionary interests*, which have for their object, as he contends, the destruction of *legitimate monarchy*.

This, indeed, is his great offence: for this he has been degraded; for this he has lost his pension of 26,000 francs; for this he has been struck off the list of ministers of state; and for this, as is asserted, two editions of his work have been seized and destroyed. "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book, (says our mighty master of politics and poetry:) who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, *kills reason itself*, the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss, and revolutions of ages do not often recover the loss of *rejected Truth*, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecutions we raise against *the living labours of public men*; how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and, if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself—*slays an immortality rather than a life*."

After this quotation, we dare add nothing of our own. We shall proceed to the work in hand. In the preface, the Viscount de Chateaubriand speaks of the motives which impelled him, at the risk of what he has experienced, to print his opinions.

"If, when only a private citizen, I considered myself bound, on certain important occasions, to address my country, what ought I not now to do? As a Peer and Minister of France, have I not higher duties to perform, and should not my efforts for my King be in proportion to the honours which he has bestowed on me?

"As a Peer of France, it is my duty to declare the truth to France, and I will declare it.

"As a Minister, it is my duty to declare the truth to the King, and I will declare it.

"If the Council, of which I have the honour to be a member, was

ever assembled, I might be told—'Give your advice in Council;' but that Council does not meet. I am therefore obliged to resort to other means to make my humble remonstrances, and to fulfil the first duty of a Minister.

"Need I prove by examples, that men in place have the right of discussing in this form matters of state? Examples are abundant; I should find several in France, and England furnishes a long series. From Bolingbroke to Burke, I could cite a great number of lords, of members of the House of Commons, and members of the Privy Council, who have written on politics, and in direct opposition to the Minister of the day.

"And shall it be said, that if France appear to me to be menaced with new misfortunes; if the legitimate monarchy is in danger, I must be silent because I am a Privy Counsellor and a Peer! On the contrary, it is my duty to point out the danger, to fire the signal of distress, and to call for help. For this reason I have for the first time in my life, affixed my titles to my name, in order to announce my duties, and to add, if I can, to this work, by the weight of my political rank.

"These duties are the more imperious, since individual liberty and the liberty of the press are suspended. Who dares—who *can* speak? Since the title of Peer of France gives me, by virtue of the charter, a sort of inviolability, it is my duty to make use of it in order to restore to Public Opinion a portion of its power. The Public Opinion says: 'You have made laws which shackle us; speak, then, for us, since you have deprived us of utterance.'

"Finally, the public has sometimes lent me a favourable ear: I have some chance of being heard. If, then, by writing I can hope to do good, be it ever so little, my conscience commands me to go on." (p. v.—vii.)

In the introduction, the author observes, that three modes of government might exist in France under a Legitimate King: 1. The old regime; 2. A despotism; 3. The charter. It would at first appear to some readers, that the *old regime* and a *despotism* were almost synonymous, but the author explains, that he means such a despotism as that endeavoured to be established by Buonaparte with an army of 600,000 men: of course, he concludes that neither of these forms can be admitted, and consequently that a *legitimate monarch, governing according to the charter, is the only possible mode*. Having stated the elements of a representative monarchy, he observes upon the necessity of an extended royal prerogative in France, maintaining strenuously the irresponsibility of the King, represented by his responsible ministers. He objects to the initiation of laws by the Crown on many grounds.

" By giving *exclusively* to the King the initiation of laws, it was intended to strengthen the prerogative, and the effect has been to weaken it.

" The *form* in which this power is exercised is as inconvenient as the *principle* is false: ministers come down to the houses with their proposed law in the shape of an *ordonnance*—'*Louis, by the grace of God,*' &c. The ministers thus borrow the individual person and identity of his Majesty; they make him propose this law as the result of his own wisdom and meditation; then the law is discussed; then come alterations, omissions, and amendments; and the wisdom of the King receives a legislative denial in the rejection of his first conceptions. Then must come a second *ordonnance*, to declare (still by the grace of God, and the wisdom of the King) that the wisdom of the King had been deceived, and that the grace of God had been invoked in vain.

" All this is miserable, and injurious to the royal person and royal dignity. It must be changed: and this solemn form must be reserved for the final sanction of the law—the peculiar duty of the crown when the legislature shall have done theirs—and not for the sketch of a law proposed by ministers, and liable to alteration, and even rejection, by the legislature.

" On all occasions these royal *ordonnances* should be used with moderation. The style and form they assume is that of *absolute* authority, because the King of France was *formerly* the supreme legislator; but now, that his legislative functions are divided with the two houses, it is more decent, it is more legal, it is more constitutional, that the crown should speak with absolute authority, *only* when it ratifies and perfects the law, which the wisdom of the other branches of the legislature has previously framed.

" Else, the peer and the deputy will be placed between two distinct legislative powers—between the old and the new constitution—between the duty they owe to the *ordonnance* as subjects, and the duty they owe to their constituents as legislators. How can they freely and honestly debate such an *ordonnance* without disrespect to the royal prerogative? How can they refrain from debating it, without an abandonment of principle?

" The present practice would at length lead to one or other of the following serious inconveniences: either the King's name would produce a degree of respect inconsistent with free discussion, or a free discussion would soon impair the respect due to the King's name, and tend to a degradation of the royal authority; in which, and in which alone, consist our hopes of tranquillity and happiness.

" Every one knows, that, in England, the wise rules of parliament and the constitution would be infringed by a member's using the name of the King, either in support of, or in opposition to, any proposition whatsoever." (p. 10—12.)

The last sentence leads us to remark, that in many parts of this publication, more particularly where the author ad-

verts to the subject of representation, he takes occasion to impress upon his readers the many excellencies of our British system. Setting aside discussions on the corruptions that have crept into it, his panegyrics are doubtless theoretically well deserved; but it has admitted of a serious question whether it be possible yet to communicate such advantages to France. In this kingdom, the representative system has been of gradual growth, from its embryo the *Wittenagemot* of our Saxon ancestors: that institution, even in feudal times, affording privileges to the people beyond what the lower orders experienced in other countries of Europe: venerable from its antiquity, and admirable from its construction, it has for centuries been looked up to here as a sacred fabric: though eulogized by the ablest foreign writers, it has been adopted by no foreign government, with the exception of the kingdom of the Netherlands, which, within the last three years, almost under the dictation of Great Britain, has adopted its principle. In France, since the restoration of Louis XVIII., it has been attempted to be introduced with certain modifications; but though it is a novelty to that country, (and thus possesses a charm which with us would be an objection,) it will be met by a national repugnance to English politics and practice, and even with more effect by the anti-representative disposition and character of the people. The representative system pre-eminently requires two qualities in which the French are pre-eminently deficient, viz. that individuals should lay aside all their *amour propre*, and act upon disinterested and enlarged views of public benefit; and that they should possess that degree of reflection and knowledge which will enable them to decide with judgment between conflicting candidates. Certainly the second or third election after the endeavour to establish this system, has begun under very un auspicious circumstances; for all the accounts received from the Continent shew, beyond a doubt, that, instead of endeavouring to maintain the purity of the choice, and the competence of the deputy, the ministers of Louis XVIII. have exerted all kinds of undue influence to procure the return of persons attached, not to the present royal family, but to what are termed the *revolutionary interests*: though we admit that many things in the government of Louis XVIII. require alteration, and that, perhaps, immediately, for the security of his throne, yet we must contend, on the other hand, that any government, and any form of government, is better than that which the degraded relies of popular commotion and

of military domination would establish for his kingdom.—The reflections we have above made, might more fitly have been introduced afterwards, when we quote what M. de Chateaubriand says upon the subject; but we may properly in this place insert some of his remarks upon the late dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies, and the reduction of the number of representatives, which are given in a postscript to his work, as relating to a transaction subsequent to the production of the body of it. He observes :

“ We were deceived, then, when we thought the number of deputies of departments *too small*. The nation, consisting of twenty-four millions of inhabitants, will be sufficiently represented, it seems, by two hundred deputies! The departments of the Lozere, and the Upper and Lower Alps, for example, who will have but one deputy to the Chamber, will they be fully satisfied?

“ If we change our ministers every year, are we to have from year to year a new mode of elections? Who can assure me, that the ministers of the next year will not find the representation of this year too numerous? Will not a hundred of their clerks (duly assembled, forsooth) appear to them to form a better Chamber, and more in the interests of France?

“ Oh, no, say they; we will keep hereafter to the charter.—God grant! it is all I desire; but I am not at all easy upon the subject.

“ In virtue of the 14th article of the charter, which gives the King the power of *making rules and ordonnances necessary for the execution of the laws and the safety of the state*, may not the ministers see the *safety of the state* wherever they see the *triumph of their systems*? There are so many *constitutionalists*, who would now govern by *ordonnances*, that we may see, instead of laws, some fine morning, the whole Charter confiscated to the profit of Art. XIV.

“ Let me state the true reason why France is again thrown, as it were, into a lottery-wheel.

“ The party that would drag down France to her ruin would, as the first step, sell the woods of the clergy: it would sell them—not as a good system of finance, but as a good revolutionary measure—not to pay the Allies, but to consecrate the Revolution; and, as it well knows that the Chamber of Deputies would never have consented to this sale, it has availed itself of the ill-humour and idle terrors of the Ministers, to persuade them, very unluckily, that *their* existence is incompatible with that of the Chamber.

“ It feared, besides, that the Chamber might, as was its duty, enlighten the King as to the real opinion of France.

“ In fine—I have already said it,—that party has never forgiven the deputies for having unmasked its projects, and deposed, in the regicides, the princes of the Revolution.

“ You will read in the papers long and laboured articles in praise of the dissolution of the Chamber; but recollect, while you read

that the press is *not free*; that it is in the hands of ministers; that it is these very ministers that have dissolved the Chamber, and written, or paid for, the articles. You observe that the funds rose; but you should know, that on the day the *ordonnance* was published, a speculation, a trick, was played on the Exchange; and a jobber had the audacity to exclaim, 'The *scoundrels shall never return!*'—These *scoundrels* were the deputies!

"What are the wishes of the King?—If it were permitted to penetrate into the secrets of his royal wisdom, might we not presume, that by leaving constitutionally full liberty of action and opinion to his *responsible* ministers, he carried his views much farther than they? Perhaps he thinks that France may send him back the same deputies with whom they were both so justly satisfied; that we shall have a new Chamber, as royalist as the last, though convoked upon other principles; and, if that should be the case, that there would then be no possibility of mistake as to the *real opinion* of France." (p. 252—254.)

We will now return to the main body of the work. M. de Chateaubriand very fitly censures with severity the secret suggestion of laws to the Crown;

"For they who speak but privately to kings,
Do seldom speak the best and fittest things;"

as one of our old poets remarks. From thence he proceeds to the constitution and privileges of the House of Peers of France; and subsequently, in these terms, speaks of the Chamber of Deputies, and its relation with the Ministers.

"Our Chamber of Deputies would be perfectly well constituted, if the laws for regulating elections, and those regarding the responsibility of ministers, were conclusively framed. But the Chamber is as yet deficient in the precise knowledge of its own powers, and of those truths which can only be the children of experience.

"Its first duty is, to cause itself to be respected. It ought not to suffer ministers to establish any principle of independence of the legislature, or of being at liberty to attend or not, as they may please, the summons of the Chambers. In England, ministers are liable to be questioned, not only on legislative proceedings, but on questions of their individual administration, on the appointments which they make, and even upon articles of news which appear in the public journals.

"If that sweeping phrase which we have lately heard, 'ministers are accountable for their *administration*'* to the King only,' be tol-

* The French use the word *administration* as contradistinguished from legislature, finance, or justice, to signify the mere civil duties of government, and the actual execution of these duties by the minister and his subordinate.—*Trans.*

rated, we shall soon see that every thing will be *administration*: incapable ministers may ruin the country at their ease; and the Chamber, become their slaves, will fall into disrepute and disgrace.

"But what means have the Chambers of making themselves heard? If ministers refuse to answer them, how can they oblige them? and will they not, by a summons which they cannot enforce, impair their dignity, and render themselves ridiculous, by an empty presumption?"

"I reply, that the Chamber has several modes of maintaining its rights.

"Let us state the true principles of this question.

"The Chambers have a right of putting to the ministers what questions they please.

"The ministers ought always to attend, and to answer, whenever the Chambers desire it.

"Ministers are not indeed, on all occasions, bound to enter into explanations. They may decline doing so, but they should ground their refusals on reasons of state, of which in due time the Chambers may be informed. The Chambers, treated with this attention, will go no further. A minister demanded that six millions per annum should be placed at his disposal; he gave his word of honour that it was necessary for the public service; and the deputies did not hesitate to vote it without any further explanation.—'Upon the honour of a gentleman,' is an old pledge, on which a Frenchman will always obtain credit.

"Again: the Chambers will never interfere in the administration of affairs, will never create inconvenient discussions, will never expose the ministry to real embarrassment, *if* the ministers are what they ought to be,—masters of the Chambers in fact, and their servants in form.

"But how shall we attain this desirable result? Very easily:—the ministry must be identified with the majority of the Chambers, and act with it, else no government can go on.

"I am aware that the kind of authority which the Chambers during their session exercise over the ministry, recalls to our minds the usurpations of the Constituent Assembly. But again, I say, comparisons between that day and this are not only odious, but lame.

"I deny that the experience of that period forbids us to hope that we may establish a representative monarchy in France. That government was not a representative monarchy, founded on natural principles, and balanced by a real distribution of powers—one absolute assembly, and a monarch whose *veto* was not absolute! What resemblance is there between the political system under the Constituent Assembly, and ours under the Charter.

"Let us give the Charter a fair trial: if it fails—if the public opinion and the public service do not go with it—*then* we may say that a representative government is not suited to the feelings of France; but, *until then*, we have no right to condemn that which we have never tried." (p. 33—36.)

The author is, we apprehend, partially in error in the second paragraph of the above quotation, where he states, that in the British Parliament "ministers are liable to be questioned, not only on legislative proceedings, but on questions of their individual administration, on the appointments which they make, and even upon articles of news which appear in the public journals." This is correct as to part, if the author mean, that ministers may be so called to account upon the regular motion of a member, of which, by the practice of the House of Commons, previous notice is required, that the party charged may have time to defend himself; but it is incorrect, if he wish to be understood, that by the constitution of Parliament, a minister may upon the sudden be compelled to answer any interrogatory that a member starting up in his place shall think fit to propound, upon any subject: by courtesy, it is true, such questions are often put, and sometimes answered; but all who are acquainted with the rules of Parliament, know that this is only a courtesy; and many times in the two last sessions, Lord Castlereagh and other ministers refused to give any replies, grounding their refusal on the admitted strict practice of debate. It never happens (even the late Mr. Whitbread never infringed upon the rules quite so far) that a member puts a question founded, as he confesses, upon intelligence in the newspapers, because the public journals, and the mention of them, are carefully excluded, unless in the case of a breach of privilege, when there is occasion to make a complaint. Upon this point, it is not very surprising that a foreigner, however generally well informed, should be ignorant.

The most important topic in the whole volume, *the liberty of the press*, is treated in a most enlightened and liberal manner, in the true spirit of knowledge: the author seems to ground himself upon English principles, more than upon English practice. Having enforced the necessity of the legislature causing itself to be respected by the public journals, and having made some general observations upon the importance of the liberty of the press in all free states, he proceeds in the following terms:—

"What, in fact, happens when the press (by the mediation of a censor) is in the hands of ministers? Their gazettes applaud all they do, all they say, all that their party does or says

—*intra muros et extra.*

Those journals, the applause of which they cannot command, they at least can condemn to silence.

"—I have seen anti-ministerial papers suspended for having only praised such and such an opinion.

"—I have seen the speeches of deputies mutilated by the censors, and even *corrected* by these obliging revisers.

"—I have seen the papers especially forbidden to mention a fact or a publication which happened to displease some minister.

"—I have seen a censor who had suffered eleven years imprisonment as a royalist, dismissed from his employment for having permitted one of the journals to insert an article in favour of the royalists.

"At last it has been discovered that these *written* mandates from the police might involve the parties in some little difficulties; they have therefore been of late abandoned, and the editors have been acquainted, that they would henceforward receive their instructions *verbally*. Thus the proofs of unconstitutional interference are destroyed, and the commands of the minister may be, if necessary, explained away as the mistake of an editor.

"Thus it is that France is insulted, and Europe deceived; thus it is that there is no sort of calumny which has not been heaped upon the Chambers. It is lucky that they are so flagrantly absurd and contradictory; we might have been alarmed at finding ourselves called aristocrats,—ultra-royalists,—enemies of the Chamber,—and *white* jacobins, if we had not found ourselves in the next page designated as democrats—enemies of the royal prerogative—a faction sticking for the clerical errors of the charter—and finally *black* jacobins!!—This consoled us.

"It is utterly impossible, it is contrary to all principles of a free government, to leave the press in the control of ministers—to give them the power of indulging, through it, their caprices, their passions, and their interests; of disguising their crimes, and of poisoning the sources of truth.

"If the press were free, the deputies and their assailants would be fairly at the bar of public opinion, which would then find no difficulty in deciding on the talents of the parties, and the justice of the cause.

"In the name of God, let us be at least consistent; renounce, if you will, this representative government; but if we pretend to maintain it, let us have the liberty of the press. Under abuses such as I have described, no free constitution can exist.

"'But the freedom of the press is not without inconvenience.'

"Granted—it is not without danger; and it can only be permitted to exist in the presence of a strong law, *immanis lex*, which should repress falsehood by ruin, calumny by disgrace, sedition by imprisonment or exile, and treason by death! but all this power must be in the *laws alone*. I demand for authors and editors the freedom of the press,—but at their own risk and peril; if we do not obtain it, the constitution is undone.

"As to the journals—the most dangerous weapon—the abuse

might be easily restrained, by obliging the proprietors to give security. This security would afford a guarantee for any fines—the simplest and safest mode of punishment—which the tribunals might inflict.

“The security should be to the amount of a capital which supposes the contribution to the state of 1000 francs (about 45*l.*), which is the amount of contribution that qualifies a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

“I propose this rate, because I consider the functions of the deputy and the journalist to be, in one point of view, analogous; it is the privilege and the duty of both to discuss public men and public measures; to advise the people, and to influence in some degree the measures of the state: they ought both, therefore, to be persons who have some stake in the country, who have something to gain by good order and national prosperity, and something to lose by disorder and public calamity.

“We should then be relieved from the swarms of public papers. The journalists, diminished in number, increased in respectability and independence, overlooked by a jealous and severe law, would learn to measure their expressions—they might be safely trusted. The opinion of the Chambers, the ministers, and the public, would be mutually communicated with their proper force, and with excellent effect.

“At this moment, when the 4th article of the charter* is suspended, there is more occasion than ever for the free enunciation of the public opinion. In England, when the Habeas Corpus act sleeps, the liberty of the press is awake, and watches that public freedom may not sleep the sleep of death.† (p. 41—47.)

In the next chapter (xxi.) “On the Liberty of the Press as it may affect Ministers,” M. de Chateaubriand says, “One thing I must concede; the liberty of the press would render it necessary that ministers should be men of talents and character.” Many English readers will be inclined either to doubt the truth of this opinion, or admitting it, to contend, that we are not so fortunate as to enjoy the liberty of the press in this country. Ministers may be either wise or fortunate, and those at present ruling in *Oceana*, may be fairly said to verify the old proverb, that “it is better to be born to good luck than to a good understanding.” They may “thank their stars that kept them from contempt,” and

* Their *Habeas Corpus*.—Trans.

† We hear a great deal of the great difficulty of making a good and efficient law on the subject of the press: there are, I admit, difficulties, but I think them not insurmountable. I have determined views upon the subject, which, however, the limits of this work do not permit me to explain.

those who live under them, witnessing their success, may exclaim in the vehement vein of our old dramatist,

"None but a madman would term Fortune blind :
How can she see to wound desert so right
Just in the speeding place ?—to girt lewd brows
With honour'd wreath ? Ha ! Fortune blind ! away !
How can she hood-wink'd then so rightly see
To starve rich worth and glut iniquity ?"

Marston's What you will, A. 1.

The language and opinions of the author on the subject of the police of France, are most unrestrained and decisive : he utters his valuable thoughts with the freedom that would be not only tolerated but encouraged in such a government as he recommends. The reader shall judge for himself :

"As there are men who cannot be ministers under a legitimate monarchy, so there are ministers who ought not to exist under a constitutional government. Need I designate the minister of general police ?

"If the charter, which professes to secure individual liberty, is obeyed, the general police can have neither power nor object.

"If a transitory law should suspend this article of our charter, the general police is surely not necessary to execute this law.

"And if no such suspension exists, if our rights are in full force, and that yet the general police takes those arbitrary steps, which belong to its peculiar character, such as suppression of publications, domiciliary visits, nocturnal searches, arrests, imprisonment, exile—the charter is annihilated.

" 'Oh, but the police will not take these steps.'—Then it is useless.

"This general police is, in fact, a political police, a party engine ; its chief tendency is to stifle the public opinion, if it cannot disguise it—to stab, in short, the constitution to the heart. Unknown under the old regime—incompatible with the new—it is a monster born of anarchy and despotism, and bred in the filth of the revolution.

"The minister of general police is in the Chamber of Deputies—What does he there ?

"What a bitter irony is the word LIBERTY in his mouth, who, at the end of his eulogies on freedom, can arbitrarily and illegally arrest any of his Majesty's subjects !

"—What a farce is a speech on the budget from him, who levies taxes at his own pleasure !

"—What a legislator is this official protector of gaming-houses, brothels, and all the sinks into which the police rakes for its livelihood !

"—Can debates be free in presence of a bashaw who listens to them only to mark the man, whom he may at leisure denounce and strike, if he cannot corrupt ?

"Such are the noble functions of his office!

"We affect to establish a free and constitutional government, and we do not see that we are reviving the blessed institutions, and consecrating the tender mercies of Buonaparte.

"I have said that the police levies taxes not sanctioned by law; these imposts are, a tax on gaming, and a tax on newspapers.*

"The gambling-houses are farmed out; their produce fluctuates; it at present produces five millions (about 250,000*l.* sterling) per annum.

"The tax on newspapers, though not so odious, is not less arbitrary.

"The charter says, Art. 47, 'The Chamber of Deputies is to receive all propositions for taxes;' and Art. 48, 'No tax can be enforced or levied till it has been voted by the two Chambers, and sanctioned by the King.'

"I am not so ignorant of human affairs as not to know that gaming-houses have been tolerated in modern society; but between mere toleration and high protection there is a wide difference: between the obscure fee given under the old regime to some conniving clerk, and a revenue of five or six millions, levied arbitrarily by a minister who renders no account,—and all this, forsooth, under a constitutional monarchy.

"The police, thus meddling with taxation, falls within the provisions of the 56th article of the charter as swindlers or peculators. But with what is it that it does not meddle?

"We find it in our criminal proceedings,—we see it there attacking the first principles of judicial impartiality, as we have just seen that it attacks the first principles of political order.

"The 64th article of the charter has these words: 'Trials in all criminal matters shall be PUBLIC, unless where publicity may be dangerous to the state or to public morals; and in this latter case, the tribunal shall, previously to closing its doors, PASS A JUDGMENT TO THIS EFFECT.'

"But if one of the agents of the police happens to be involved in a criminal affair, as having been a voluntary accomplice with the intention of becoming an informer—if in the course of the trial the accused should adduce in their defence this fact, which tends to their exculpation by diminishing the credit due to a character thus doubly infamous—the police forbids the newspapers to report these parts of the evidence!

"Thus complete publicity exists only against the accused; and thus an important ingredient in the cause is concealed from the public; whose opinion the law would introduce as an assistant to, or a check on, the conduct of the tribunals; and all the world (except the half dozen persons who attended the trial), remains ignorant whether the criminal is the guilty cause of his own misfortunes, or whe-

* There is also a tax on *prostitutes*; but the profits do not go to the general police.

ther he is the pitiable, if not pardonable, victim of a conspiracy of the *police itself* against his liberty or life ;—

“And yet we talk of a charter !” (p. 65—71.)

Most of our readers are aware, that the police in France is not, as with us, a civil, but a military establishment, and its general title includes, not only the persons employed in seeing that the laws for the preservation of good order in society are obeyed, but those who have the regulation and collection of the revenues : the officers of excise and customs are military ; and thus the King of France possesses a power and a patronage much exceeding any that is known to the sovereign of this country. It is to be recollected also, that the same regulations that exist in Great Britain to prevent their interference in elections, &c. do not prevail in France, or only in a very partial and imperfect manner. From the police, M. de Chateaubriand proceeds to animadvert upon the conduct of the first, second, and third cabinets of Louis XVIII. ; of the last, viz. that now in power, and its system, he speaks in these terms :—

“The principal system of government, since the restoration—the base of all the others—is that from which the following heresies are derived ; viz. *there are no royalists in France—the deputies do not represent the public opinion—the majority of the Chamber is not the organ of the nation—the royalists are incapable, &c. &c.*

“This system, which can only be supported by denying the evidence of facts—by misrepresenting things—by calumniating men—by outraging common sense—by quitting the straight high road for an intricate and dangerous path : this system is in one word, that FRANCE OUGHT TO BE GOVERNED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF REVOLUTIONARY INTERESTS.

“This uncouth phrase, well worthy its authors, is the whole instruction which a modern minister need learn. Whoever does not understand it, is pronounced devoid of ministerial talents. He is not worth teaching ; and they do not condescend to explain to him the meaning of the jargon used in the coteries of Paris, by the adepts in these high mysteries. (p. 116.)

We ought not to omit what is said to prove, that in truth the majority of the people of France are royalists : this part of the subject is peculiarly interesting in the present state of that kingdom :—

“The royalists, far from being the small minority, are the immense majority of France.

—“ ‘ Oh,’ say our opponents, ‘ if they had been so, the revolution never could have happened.’

"Pray, how long have majorities influenced revolutions? Has not experience shewn, that more frequently the minority carry all before them? Did, for instance, France desire the murder of Louis XVI.?—Was she for the Convention and its crimes—for the Directory and its baseness—for Buonaparte and his conscription? She wished for none of this—her heart revolted at it all; but she was restrained by an active and armed minority. Can we then infer, because a majority is silent, that it does not exist; that its sentiments do not live in a million of hearts. If this be true, there is a very short rule for all cases—the oppressed are always wrong, and the oppressor is always right.

"But relieve this majority from the yoke of tyranny, and what will happen?

"The answer is before our eyes.

"The Electoral Colleges, summoned and composed by Buonaparte, exercise their elective functions under the King. Of which party are they? They elect the most determined royalists. I will say more:—it required the whole force of ministerial influence to procure the return of certain individuals whom the public feeling repelled.

"Far from wishing for revolutionists, we are sick of them. The tide is set the other way; we desire no more revolutions, and no more revolutionists.

"But let us stick to facts. I entreat my reader to call to his recollection the departments, the towns, villages, hamlets, with which he may be acquainted. In all these places he will have no difficulty in reckoning the numbers of the revolutionary men. Are there a thousand in a department, an hundred in a town, a dozen in the village or hamlet? There is no such thing.

"Those who have only travelled through provinces devastated by two successive invasions—who have followed the steps of twelve hundred thousand foreign soldiers—who have heard the peasants complaining amid their plundered fields, and desolated cottages—are they to judge of the whole population by the accents of grief, of hunger, and of misery? But how is it that these very provinces have returned deputies at least as royalist as the rest of France? Can we be ignorant that all the northern departments are animated by the purest loyalty? In the west and south, the fervour of this feeling amounts to enthusiasm.

"These are facts." (p. 130—132.)

Having, even since the publication of the work before us in Paris, travelled through a most populous part of France, and having learnt something of the general state of feeling throughout that country from sources on which we can rely, we may be excused if we here interrupt our review for a few moments, while we notice at least the external appearance of the public mind. It is undoubtedly true, that the

south is royally disposed (whether it merit the warm expression of the author may perhaps be questioned), but it is equally clear, that the northern portions of the kingdom; more especially the district under the immediate dominion of the British troops, is very hostile to the new order of things. Serious affrays, with consequences still more serious, daily happen between our troops and the half-pay officers of the late French army; all mention of them is, however, carefully suppressed in the public journals, and few accounts reach this country from private individuals. A few days before we left the Continent, a very unpleasant circumstance occurred, which may serve as a specimen of the sort of terms which subsist. Two English officers, accompanied by two ladies, were met near Cambray by two *ex-militaires*; all the parties were on horseback, and the Englishmen, taking the middle of the road, and the ladies falling behind them, left a considerable space for the Frenchmen to pass on either side. Instead of so doing, with the utmost violence they rode against the Englishmen, and dismounted one of them, who took revenge by horsewhipping the Frenchman, to whom his companion lent no assistance. This affair excited much ferment in Cambray, all the French being opposed to our troops; and the Duke of Wellington found himself under the painful necessity of disarming many of the French inhabitants, and of ordering that English officers should wear their uniforms and their side-arms. In consequence of this proceeding, the French refused to attend the theatre, which was also frequented by British officers, and it was closed in consequence. Upon this statement our readers may place the most assured reliance.

The author next insists, that if it be true that there are no royalists in France, it becomes doubly important that measures should be taken to make them; and he contends with much force, that the revolutionary system is not very likely to lead to success. General *epurations*, or, as we should understand it, expurgations (a term that did not occur to the translator of the work before us) are recommended in opposition to partial deprivations of suspected individuals, which M. de Chateaubriand argues are impolitic and unjust. This is a part of the subject in which we can least of all concur with the author, who, acting upon broad principles of policy, would adopt the same rule with regard to punishments that ought to prevail with respect to rewards. After maintaining that there exists a moral conspiracy

against legitimacy, he thus points out the secret purpose concealed behind the system of revolutionary interests:

"The system which it is pretended must be followed, for the safety of the throne, and the tranquillity of the state, conceals within itself the secret purpose for which it has been adopted, and to the triumph of which it is directed.

"It is laid down as a maxim by a certain party, that a revolution such as ours, can be terminated only by a change of dynasty. Others who are more moderate say, by a change in the order of succession: I shall refrain from entering into the detail of these criminal and treasonable propositions.

"Who is to be placed on the throne instead of the Bourbons? On this point opinions are divided, but they are agreed on the necessity of deposing the legitimate family. The Stuarts are the example cited. History tempts them;—had it not been for the execution of Charles I. we should not deplore that of Louis XVI. Wretched imitators! you did not even invent the crime.

"How shall I prove that this horrible doctrine is mysteriously hidden under the system of *revolutionary interests*?

"I need only cast a glance on the pamphlets and journals of the *hundred days*.

"I have since read, and others have likewise read, publications which leave nothing doubtful, not even the name. Amidst the gaiety of the table, or in the heat of discussion, which is another sort of intoxication, candour avows and levity betrays their secret thoughts. But if I wanted direct proofs, I need only cast my eyes on *what is passing around me*: whenever one sees a uniform plan, and regular parts connected and corresponding with each other, it is evident that such regularity could not have been the effect of chance; a consequence leads me to look for a principle; and through the nature of the effect, I arrive at the character of the cause.

"Let us observe the object, and follow the progress of this conspiracy.

"The chief object of that which I term the conspiracy of the moral interests of the revolution, is to change the dynasty; its secondary object is to impose on the new sovereign the conditions to which it endeavoured to subject the King at St. Dennis: namely, to adopt the tri-coloured cockade, acknowledge himself to be King by the grace of the people, to re-embodify the army of the Loire, and recal the representatives of Buonaparte, if they should happen to be alive at the period. The present existence of this project, which has never been abandoned, will be rendered completely evident by the observation of facts which stare us in the face." (p. 173—175.)

Having shewn other unhappy consequences likely to result from the policy now prevailing, the author enters upon the reverse, and points out the remedies he would apply: in introducing this part of his subject, he observes:

"I have never published any thing without hesitation and self-mistrust: for the first time, I now venture to use different language; I venture to make a proposition to restore tranquillity to France." He then advances to his plan.

"According to the principles which I have just laid down, France can be saved only by preserving and maintaining the political results of the Revolution, which have been consecrated by the charter—putting, at the same time, a final stop to the Revolution itself—distinguishing it from its consequences, and, I will say, destroying it, that its *consequences* may be secure.

"The interests and recollections of old and new France should be as much as possible mingled together, instead of being separated or sacrificed to *revolutionary interests*.

"The church and the state should be allied for their mutual dignity and safety.

"Hence, I am for the *whole* charter—perfect freedom—all the institutions which have grown up by the course of time, the change of manners, and the progress of the human mind; but with them I would preserve all the remains of the ancient monarchy, religion, the eternal principles of morality and justice; and, above all, I would *not* preserve those men too well known by their crimes and our misfortunes.

What a paradox it is to pretend to give a people institutions, generous, noble, polished, independent, and to imagine that we can only establish such institutions by confiding them to men who are neither generous, nor noble, nor polished, nor independent; to dream that we can form a present without a past—plant a tree without roots, a society without religion! It is an indictment against the proceedings of all free people; it is disavowing the unanimous concord of all nations; it is despising the opinion of the greatest moralists and statesmen of ancient and of modern times.

"My scheme has at least the advantage of being consistent with the rules of common sense, and in accord with the experience of ages. The execution of it is easy: it is worth the trial.—What have we gained by keeping in the ruts, in which we have been jolting for the three last years? Let us try to get out of them: we have already broken the state-coach once: unless we try a new road, we shall not reach our journey's end." (p. 222—223.)

Our last extract shall be from the conclusion of the work, where the author pronounces a eulogium on the constitutional monarchy.

"A representative monarchy is not, perhaps, a perfect system of government, but it has incontestible advantages. When there is war abroad, or insurrection at home, it becomes, by the suspension of certain laws, a kind of dictatorship. Is a Chamber factious,—it is restrained by the other, or dissolved by the King. Should the course

of inheritance place on the throne a Prince hostile to public freedom,—the Chambers resist the invasion of tyranny. No other species of government can impose weightier taxes, or raise greater armies. It is particularly favourable to arts and literature. Under a despotic system, when the Monarch dies, his plans die with him; with Chambers (which, continually revived, live for ever) every thing lives, and nothing dies but the individual person of the Monarch: the Chambers resemble, in this respect, those religious and literary corporations which never died, and which used to complete immense undertakings, which no individual would have courage to attempt, or longevity to finish.

“ Every man, in such a government, finds his use and his place; and the government, obliged to employ the ablest men, will learn to make use of all ranks and of all ages.” (p. 236—237.)

Our review of this important work (which, for the excellence of many of its general principles of government, for the enlightened spirit in which it is written, and the eloquence of the language,—intended, we believe, as an imitative improvement upon Montesquieu,—will be read with interest by persons of all parties) has already extended so far, as almost to preclude general remarks in the winding up.

Its author has been attacked on all sides; but the same resolution which induced him to print the work, has given him firmness to endure calumny. He avows boldly his enmity to the Revolution, and to those who shared in it; but he endeavours impartially to draw a line between such as would introduce revolutionary principles, and such as are anxious for the re-establishment of the system of the old dynasty. Even under well-regulated governments, it is often found, that a man who sides with neither party, is suspected by both; how then can M. de Chateaubriand expect to escape censure in France at the present moment.

“ Sometimes the very gloss on any thing
Will seem a stain; the fault not in the light,
Not in the guilty object, but our sight:
His gloss, raised from the richness of his stuff,
Had too much splendour for the owly eye
Of politic and thankless royalty.” *Geo. Chapman.*

ART. V.—*A Statement of the Early Symptoms which lead to the Disease termed Water in the Brain; with Observations on the necessity of a watchful attention to them, and on the fatal consequences of their neglect: in a Letter to Martin Wall, Esq. M.D. Clinical Professor at Oxford, &c. &c. By G. D. YEATS, M.D. of Trinity College, Oxford, &c. Callow, 1815. 8vo. pp. 114.*

FEW diseases have a better claim to popular attention than the one which forms the subject of the present article; and Dr. Yeats's publication affords a favourable opportunity of pointing out what is of most consequence to be generally known. To parents it must be particularly interesting to be put upon their guard against the insidious approaches of a disease which, if allowed to establish itself, almost uniformly baffles the utmost efforts of medical skill; more especially as the victims of this disorder are usually found amongst children of the most lively and engaging dispositions, and such as early manifest superior intellectual endowments, which render them objects of peculiar interest to all their friends. It must also be useful thus to warn them of the dangerous tendency of certain apparently slight symptoms, which are too often allowed to pass unheeded, until the case becomes truly alarming; because these will almost always yield without difficulty to early and judicious treatment; but

“—————serò medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.”

Our author very properly insists with much force upon the importance of attending to the first indications of disease; but when he says, “the necessity of such watchful attention is more indispensable in a curative point of view, on the subject of the present letter, inasmuch as, with all other diseases in which our art is at all available, a cure may be effected in almost any of the subsequent stages,” he appears to have been blinded by long gazing on a favourite object; and, like many others, to have indulged the natural propensity of an author to give an undue and exclusive importance to that which he has made his particular study. Dr. Y. must very well know, that the maxim, “*principiis obsta*,” is universally applicable; and that there is not one, in the long catalogue of human maladies, which will not ultimately become incurable by being neglected.

Formerly, when the history of diseases had not yet been

illustrated by anatomical investigation, that congeries of symptoms, now commonly known under the name of acute hydrocephalus, was confounded with some other diseases peculiar to childhood, between which and hydrocephalus it has been since endeavoured to draw a distinction; and it is not altogether improbable, that the progress of science may bring us back, with much more light however, to the point from which we have in the course of ages departed. When pathologists discovered in those who perished, after exhibiting such a train of symptoms as will be presently detailed, that the ventricles of the brain were distended with an aqueous fluid, they naturally enough attributed to this so prominent appearance of disease the whole of the preceding symptoms; and hence the name bestowed on this affection. But it was soon observed that the brain, in these cases, exhibited considerable marks of inflammation; and that there was one period of the complaint which corresponded with a state of vascular excitement; the first stage of suffering, therefore, was ascribed to this, and the subsequent one of stupor to the effusion of water, which was supposed to be the consequence of the previous action, and the cause of injurious pressure upon the brain. Again, some cases were noticed, in which all the distinguishing signs of hydrocephalus had been conspicuous, and yet no water was found in the brain, whilst all its vessels were unusually distended with blood. It then became a question, whether any of the symptoms are really dependent on effusion, seeing that deranged vascular action is alone sufficient to produce them all; and this conclusion receives additional support from a case related by Mr. Abernethy, and from another by Dr. Warren, in neither of which could any disease whatever be detected in the brain, though there was every reason to expect some: in these instances, disordered circulation had occasioned stupor, without being so excessive as to leave a trace of its existence. In the further prosecution of the inquiry, the abdominal viscera were often found very much diseased; and a more accurate observation of the progress of fatal cases demonstrated some notable disorder of the stomach, liver, or intestines, to be amongst the earliest signs of an indisposition terminating in confirmed hydrocephalus. Guided by observations of this kind, some practitioners have adverted to the doctrine of sympathies for an explanation of the origin of this complaint; and considering the powerful influence reciprocally exerted by the brain and the stomach, as well as the intimate sympathy existing between

the brain and all other parts of the body, they are persuaded that the affection of the head, at present under consideration, takes its rise, in a great majority of cases, from abdominal irritation. For the purpose of calling public attention more generally and forcibly to this view of the subject, Dr. Yeats has published his truly commendable letter; from which we gladly indulge ourselves in quoting a very satisfactory history of the disease.

“ In the very first commencement of the symptoms, before any alarm is taken, and before any person can possibly imagine, but from experience, that they will often terminate in water in the brain, an occasional languor, as if arising from fatigue, with intervals of considerable activity, is observed; it is, therefore, attributed to this cause, from the disposition, too, which the child manifests of reclining on the sofa, chair, or lap of the mother; the usual degree of healthy appearance of the countenance diminishes, though not permanently, in a transient paleness and occasional collapse of the features; a dark-coloured line is observable under each eye, with a dulness of that organ; the usual softness and pliability of the skin diminish, with a consequent harshness and increased heat of the surface; the appetite capricious; occasional thirst; state of the bowels more than commonly tardy; the tongue white, and rather disposed to be dry, if examined in the morning; the pulse at this period exhibits no particular morbid change, either in its frequency, strength, or regularity; the urine is at times higher coloured than it ought to be; and from observing that the child has not had an evacuation by the bowels as often as usual, recourse is had to some domestic purgative, and a stool is procured more than commonly consistent and firm, and not in the same quantity as formerly with the same dose of the medicine; no very striking alteration of colour is observable, unless attentively examined, when it will plainly appear that a diseased secretion has already begun to take place in those glands which pour their secretions into the intestinal canal: at times the evacuation will be throughout much lighter than it ought to be; at others, only partially so; and again, the whole will be more tinged with a darker colour of a greenish cast, and accompanied with some quantity of slimy matter, but more than the mere abrasion of the intestines by a purgative will produce. When any uneasiness in the head is complained of, it is not of pain either acute or dull, but of a disagreeable noise and confusion; the scalp at times feels sore on being rubbed or touched.

“ During this state, upon examination, a puffiness will be felt, and also a fulness observable over the centre of the stomach, extending towards the navel; uneasiness is complained of there from pressure, but, like all the other symptoms at this time, they are not permanent; and the only symptom which observes any permanency, is the torpid state of the bowels, although the degree of it varies in diffe-

rent patients; the costiveness is, nevertheless, always more or less present; the sleep is frequently disturbed by restlessness, indicated by repeated movements about the bed. The child is said to be only not well, and this is supposed to arise from some improper food that has been taken. It is evident we cannot, *a priori*, positively determine what exact state of disease this deviation from general health will ultimately produce; but full well I know, that this irregular excitement, this vacillating state, in the way above described, very frequently leads to the next chain of more manifest morbid actions, which terminate in water in the brain. We should be, under such circumstances, most carefully watchful." (p. 31—35.)

The puffiness and fulness above noticed in the region of the stomach, are ascribed to distension of the duodenum, which portion of the alimentary canal, our author thinks, has been too little regarded in the accounts given of disorders of the chylopoietic viscera. The manner in which an unhealthy state of this organ may be productive of uneasiness, and may induce disease in the neighbouring organs, is explained at some length; and as far as pathology is concerned, we are ready to allow the justice of all that is advanced on this topic, but practically we cannot think it of any importance whether the fault be in the stomach or duodenum. In the early and moderate state of disease, which has been now described, the administration of proper remedies will easily avert all further mischief; and fortunate it is, indeed, if it has so happened that this previous state has been attended to; if not, the chain of diseased actions is lengthened by firmer links more difficult to be broken, but still to be destroyed by discriminating and steady means, though with more time, trouble, and anxious solicitude, before it fixes completely in the brain."

"If unfortunately this should be the case, the symptoms assume a more formidable and commanding shape: the occasional languor wears more the appearance of permanent lassitude; the returns of activity diminish; the child wishes to be almost constantly in a recumbent posture; the unhealthy look of the countenance becomes more permanent, and more observable in every respect; the darkness under the eyes is of a deeper colour; the excitement from feverish action becomes more regular and more apparent, with the consequent harshness of the skin; occasional flushes pass across the cheeks, sometimes more fixed in one cheek; transient pains are felt in the head, more or less acute, and more or less frequent; and at times, when the child will be apparently enjoying itself with comfortable feelings, its attention will be suddenly arrested by this pain, crying out, 'Oh, my head aches!' Some will complain of the head feeling sore to the touch externally. The pulse now becomes at

times much quickened, not particularly irregular; but if carefully examined, and it must be done with some attention, when the child is under the febrile accession, an irregularity will be readily discovered, once, twice, and sometimes more, in the minute. Periods of drowsiness supervene; the bowels are more obstinately torpid, and when stools are procured, they are of a very disagreeable smell, and of a very morbid appearance—sometimes a glutinous mass, intermixed with dark lumps of fæces, at others there is a mixture of a deep green, with matters similar to a yeasty fermentation: their colour and appearance will vary much in the same person at different times. Sickness, nausea, and vomiting, are frequently troublesome, either when the little patient raises his head from the pillow, to which drowsiness and lassitude had consigned it, or after taking food, or both. In some, the puffiness and fulness about the region of the stomach, are not now so perceptible, one part of the morbid actions having yielded to others of a more violent nature: this symptom, though common, does not invariably attend; its being observed, too, depends upon what portion of the digestive organs are most under morbid actions at the time of examination. All the symptoms bear evident marks of irregular excitement: a giddiness, with an unpleasant cloudiness in the sight, is complained of, and, although the eyes exhibit nothing morbid upon examination, a strong light is disagreeable and painful; the urine varies much in colour and quantity, depending entirely on the circumstance of the febrile accessions; the appetite becomes deficient; the thirst troublesome; the tongue white, and inclining to be dry. The complaint, in this stage of its progress, is still manageable; in some easily so, from the circumstances of the previous habits of the child, as already stated; but it must be recollected, that every hour is now most precious, and any moments lost are scarcely to be recovered; for, in proportion as the symptoms form more a disease of the head, so is it the more dangerous, and consequently with the greater difficulty removed." (p. 53—56.)

If the proper measures are neglected in this stage of the complaint, or if unfortunately they should be unavailing, it advances to a degree of activity and violence, which most frequently proves irremediable.

"The accession of this state is marked with greatly increased violence, and with great suffering to the patient: the heat of the skin becomes more intense and harsh; febrile accessions more violent and distressing; the pains of the head more acute, and more frequent in their return,—and the loud screams of the child on this account are truly afflicting; the pupils of the eyes shew great dilatation, but still contract on the approach of light, though not healthily, by a waving, languid, vibratory motion; a squinting takes place at times; double vision is complained of; and when the child is desired (though not seeing double at the time) to view an object, I have noticed that he sees the object, not where it really is, but on

one side of it, by pointing to the spot; a knitting of the eye-brows, with an expression of the countenance indicative of great distress; for a few minutes there will be a perfect silence and *quietism*, with a fixed steady stare of the eyes, and a very great dilatation of the pupils, when a sudden start will take place, with a loud screaming and a quick tossing of the arms over the head; frequent moaning; deep sighing; sickness and vomiting; bowels most obstinately constive; the evacuations, when procured, are very scanty and ill-formed, and extremely offensive; and when it happens that by any active means a good mass is brought away, it looks like any thing but fæces, being dark, yeasty, and gelatinous—smelling like a mixture of sour grains with putrid matter; the tongue foul, sometimes brown and dry; much thirst; no appetite; the urine irregularly secreted, both in colour and quantity; the pulse is very irregular, both in the tone of the vibration and in the flow of the blood—sometimes slow, sometimes quick, and intermitting with a tensive feel, until it at last sinks into permanent sluggishness, ushering in its ultimate and fatal celerity; a dewy moisture settles in drops upon the upper lip and around the nose; a considerable wasting of the flesh has taken place; the countenance pallid and sunk, with a hollowness of the temples; blueness of the lips, with their frequent retraction from an attempt, but inability to cry, ending in a whining tone from weakness; the eye-lids half open and motionless; the eyes filmy, and fixed with a peculiar stare, from the extreme dilatation of the pupils; the circulation is extremely hurried; convulsions frequently take place; palsy supervenes, either partially or generally; and death, most commonly in one convulsive struggle, closes the painful scene." (p. 70—73.)

A brief outline of the most efficacious plan of treatment will here be sufficient for our purpose: which is not to encourage domestic quackery, but rather to excite the watchfulness of parents—to inculcate the great importance of arresting the early symptoms of disease—and to enable them, in some degree, to understand, and judge of, the practice recommended by their medical adviser. In the first stage, nothing more will be requisite than a continued exhibition of purgatives, combined with alterative doses of mercury, until the discharges from the bowels shall assume a natural healthy appearance; aided, at the same time, by a proper regulation of the child's diet. In the second stage, purgatives alone are not to be relied on, and those which are employed ought to be rather of the saline than of the resinous kind: there is now a febrile excitement of the circulation, which must be reduced by blood-letting both general and local; but if any circumstance should seem to forbid the general bleeding, the local detraction of blood

from the head, and perhaps from the epigastrium, should by no means be omitted; and in such cases, the effects of digitalis appear to have been particularly beneficial. Mercury should now likewise be administered freely; large blisters have been commonly applied to the head, but the utility of the application is somewhat doubtful, at least before the excitement has been materially diminished; afterwards they may be very properly employed. Such are the means, on the judicious use of which we must depend for the relief of this formidable disease, and frequently with a prospect of complete success: in its more aggravated form, we have recourse to the same measures, but with greatly diminished hopes; nor can we, in these cases, ordinarily look for any other than a fatal termination.

In the course of his remarks upon the effects of general bleeding in the cure of local inflammation, our author observes,

"You may bleed generally till the heart is killed, without destroying the local activity, except by the destruction of the whole system, as is evident from great congestion of the extreme vessels observable in dissections when patients have died of local inflammation, after large general bleedings. This has occurred very commonly in the brain."

We admit the fact, and think it of considerable importance, but are inclined to doubt the explanation; it appearing to us, that congestion of blood does not take place in any part, until the veins of that part have either partially or wholly lost the power of propelling their contents; and if the same appearances are observed after profuse hæmorrhage, where no previous inflammation existed, it is in proof of local torpor, rather than of preternatural activity. That this is actually the case, we learn from some experiments made, not long since, by Dr. Sanders and Dr. (then Mr.) Seeds, who embodied the results in an inaugural dissertation, published at Edinburgh last year. They destroyed several dogs by opening, in some of them, the larger veins, in others the arteries, and then accurately examined the phenomena discoverable by dissection: the different effects of the two modes of bleeding deserve to be attended to. It is remarkable, that in every instance, whether the animal lost arterial or venous blood, the cavities of the brain were distended with lymph, as in those persons who are said to have died of hydrocephalus. It is to be noted, however,

that when the bleeding was from an artery, the brain was almost void of blood, at least there was nothing like venous congestion; but when from a vein, congestion was invariably found in the brain. It was also observed, that arterial hæmorrhage neither, so suddenly as venous, interrupted the function of respiration and the action of the heart, nor so speedily enfeeble the animal; and that it was less apt than venous hæmorrhage to be attended with convulsions. These observations indicate the propriety of sometimes preferring arteriotomy to phlebotomy, and point out some of the circumstances which ought to influence our choice. Practical writers, indeed, have often insisted upon the preference due, in certain cases, to arteriotomy, without being able to give any other satisfactory reason for it than its superior utility in their hands: henceforward we may expect to see the practice guided by something like a rational principle.

It has been said, that hydrocephalus is by many persons believed to arise from abdominal irritation; but it may be worth while to carry the notion a little farther, and trace some diseases of adults to the same prevailing source. For a masterly view of the whole subject, we have much pleasure in referring that part of Mr. Abernethy's works which treats of "the constitutional origin and treatment of local diseases." The functions of the nervous system will remain a mystery to physiologists, but enough is known to shew the intimate connection which subsists between the well-being of the brain and that of every other organ; no part of the body can be injured, but the brain participates more or less in the injury; and again, the brain cannot suffer without involving the whole system in its disorder, and more particularly the organs of digestion. Thus it is that the injury done to the stomach and liver by a debauch, occasions headach and dullness of intellect; and thus that the sight of a disgusting object, the receipt of afflicting intelligence, or any depressing passion of the mind, will impede the process of digestion, exciting nausea, or even vomiting: the influence of different mental emotions upon the secretions is familiar to every one. The irritation of teething, and the irritation of a worm in the intestines, often occasion convulsions, and may give rise to all the symptoms of water in the brain; in both cases, there is great disorder of the chylopoietic viscera: the irritation of a painful wound in the extremities, is a cause of tetanus, and here too, the functions of the alimentary canal are greatly de-

ranged; in all these instances, we must suppose the irritation to act, in the first place, on the sensorium, and thence, by a reflected operation, upon that part of the system which, at the time, is most disposed to become disordered. The like causes do not act equally upon all persons; some constitutions are peculiarly irritable, being more susceptible of impression from all external agents than others: such a constitution is the wretched inheritance of many people, and in others, the habits of civilized life contribute largely to its formation; these are the subjects of that numerous tribe of complaints termed nervous. In such persons generally, without their being aware of it, there exists a slight degree of disorder in the digestive organs, which, though not productive of any serious present inconvenience, may lay the foundation of a great variety of future ills. They commonly experience a diminution of appetite and digestion, with flatulence, and unnatural colour and fætor of the excretions, which are generally deficient in quantity, though sometimes a lax state of bowels alternates with costiveness. The appetite, however, is sometimes moderately good, whilst the digestion is imperfect; in some instances, indeed, the appetite is inordinate. The tongue, in a morning, is dry, whitish, or furred, particularly at the back part; the urine is frequently turbid, and often, especially in the interval between breakfast and dinner, pale-coloured, and copious, like that of hysterical patients; and in many instances a tenderness is felt, when pressure is made in the epigastric region.

They who are affected in the manner now described, usually declare themselves to be in a good state of health; yet, to use the words of Mr. Abernethy, "they are found, on inquiry, to have all the symptoms which characterize a disordered state of the digestive organs. The mind is also frequently irritable and despondent; anxiety and languor are expressed in the countenance. The pulse is frequent, or feeble; and slight exercise produces considerable perspiration and fatigue. The patients are sometimes restless at night; but when they sleep soundly, they awaken unrefreshed, with lassitude, and sometimes a sensation as if they were incapable of moving. Slight noises generally cause them to start, and they are, to use their own expression, very nervous." It is possible that patients of this description may continue many years to live without any material improvement or deterioration of their general state of

health; but it is more likely, unless the morbid condition be early corrected, and its causes avoided, that the symptoms should in time be aggravated by the continued reaction of the disordered brain and digestive organs upon each other, until they terminate in habitual headaches, apoplexy, palsy, hypochondriasis, madness, or some other equally terrible disease. The difference between the severe headaches of adults, and the disease which forms the principal subject of this article, is not very great; Mr. John Bell says, it "is but a slower hydrocephalus;" and again, habitual and very violent headaches, attended with bilious vomitings and severe sickness, "are as surely attended with effusion of serum as rheumatism is with swelling of the inflamed joint: we see such headaches depressing the spirits, hurting the memory, extenuating the body, and destroying the health; causing grey hairs, and a broken constitution early in life." Even that familiar and tormenting pain the toothach, may most frequently be traced to irritation in some of the abdominal viscera: let any one disposed to be incredulous on this point, consult his own feelings, and say, whether, during a paroxysm of toothach, he does not experience a flatulence of the stomach, some uneasiness or tenderness upon pressure there, or in the right hypochondrium, and sometimes a dull pain in the right shoulder, symptomatic of inflamed liver. Is not the paroxysm apt to be excited too by indigestible food, by depressing passions, and by causes in general that act particularly on the stomach? Finally, if the pain shall be removed by the operation of an emetic, or, still better, by an opiate combined with a brisk mercurial cathartic, it must be admitted that the cause of the complaint was some disorder in the organs of digestion, and that its return may be best prevented by guarding against all the causes of such disorder.

It is sufficient at present thus briefly to have touched upon this subject, to point out the very moderate beginnings of fatal diseases,—to hint at the common origin of many of these; and we conclude with once more urging the great importance of what has justly been called preventive medicine.

ART. VI.—*The Sacrifice of Isabel, a Poem.* By EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq. "Love leads the will to desperate undertakings." London, Longman and Co. 1816. 12mo. pp. 48.

THE poem before us deserves considerable praise, and though not of the highest order in its kind, it gives evident proofs of talent. The name of the author is perhaps not unknown to many of our readers,—not, indeed, as a writer merely, but as a young officer of a dragoon regiment, who, in consequence of his propensity for the Muse, was involved in some disputes in an eastern county of the kingdom, where his regiment was quartered; from which, however, we have every reason to believe he extricated himself with high honour, in a sense exclusively military, and with great credit in the ordinary acceptation of the word. The conduct of Lieutenant Quillinan upon that occasion, we are informed, introduced him to the acquaintance and friendship of Sir Egerton Brydges, of Lee Priory, near Canterbury, author of a small poetical piece, which we reviewed in our last Number, and to whom "*The Sacrifice of Isabel*" is dedicated by its author, who says, that "it is an endeavour to describe, with energy and simplicity, natural feelings in trying situations." This is, indeed, a legitimate object, and may be fairly put in opposition to a modern system introduced by a noble lord, (whose talents would deserve more admiration were they properly directed,) according to which, all feelings and all situations but those which are natural and probable, are described and employed. Situation, however, is a matter of less moment, because a poet, by the powerful magic of his pen, more or less, can give to all places and circumstances the air of life and reality: this was accomplished by Spenser in every part of his work, of which it is one of the main beauties; and another is, that whatever be the situation in which he involves his allegorical personages, they are all actuated by the ordinary impulses and passions of human beings, and that is the true source of the interest they excite: though the mere unreal abstracts of virtues and vices, and though it was a part of the business of the poet perpetually to remind us of it, yet such is his power, and such is his skill, that, in spite of our own reason and senses, he compels us to sympathize alike in their sufferings and their successes. Now, any thing but this is the case with the fashionable

style of Lord Byron, as we endeavoured to shew in our review of the last number of his *Hebrew Melodies*.

We have incidentally made these remarks, because, although we cannot applaud Mr. Quillinan for the choice of his story, (which he seems to have had some unassigned reason for selecting, as he hints in the dedication,) yet we may congratulate him upon having introduced characters, not only with the external shape of human beings, but with the internal form and frame of the human mind; their love and hate is such as human beings feel, and their revenge is such as human beings, under certain impulses, may thirst after. The great defect of the story is, that it supposes circumstances inconsistent with the knowledge of all its readers: thus Ferdinand VII. of Spain is stated to have a female relation named Isabel, who is loved by a patriot Ramiro, who is condemned to suffer death for his presumption. She procures his release from prison, and is, in her turn, sentenced to be decapitated for that offence. She is placed under the guard of the hero of the poem, who flies with Isabel from the coast of Spain to a small island near Elba, where they are married, and the lady is about to make her husband a father, when Buonaparte arrives from Elba to view the island. With him comes Ramiro, who, to his surprise, sees the Princess, and, while her husband is absent attending the Emperor back to his vessel, enters the house, where he reproaches her with infidelity to him: during the dialogue, the hero (to whom no name is given, he being the supposed relater of the story) returns, and, unperceived himself, beholds Ramiro draw a dagger: he rushes in, and is wounded in the arm accidentally: Ramiro declares that he only raised the weapon against himself—tired of a life which Isabel had rendered wretched—but that its point was poisoned, and its slightest wound was death. He then quits the cottage, and Isabel seizes the arm of her husband, and sucks the poison from the wound; in consequence of which she dies. She is buried near the spot; and some time afterwards, when the hero visits her grave, he beholds Ramiro weeping over it,—emaciated, dejected, and broken. After a declaration of his grief and misery, and a reconciliation, Ramiro dies upon the grave of Isabel.—It is evident, that much of this narrative must be invention; and why Mr. Quillinan should have fixed its date in our own day, we know not, when he might have avoided all the inconveniences arising from that circumstance, by carrying it back to times when the events would not only have been more

probable in themselves, but not inconsistent with our positive knowledge of facts. Racine, in apologizing for the modern date of the fable of his *Bajazet*, says, the scene lying in Asia, that the effect of distance of place is the same as distance of time: "*car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si s'est ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues*:"—but here we have neither the one nor the other to assist the delusion. We will proceed to select a few extracts from the better parts of this poem.

The hero flying from Spain, conveys Isabel on board a vessel; they had previously looked, but never spoken, their mutual love.

"With anxious watch upon her look I hung;
 For yet no syllable had pass'd her tongue:
 But now, once more the statue seem'd to glow,
 The long-suspended faculties to flow,
 And wake her quivering lips and glistening eyes,—
 And smiles to form, and tears began to rise.
 On me she cast those orbs so dewy beaming,
 Their lustrous blue through fair long lashes gleaming;
 With sense so full, so touching, were they fraught,
 Millions of words had less convey'd her thought;
 Till, with faint sob and passionate wild air,
 She sunk upon my breast, and hid them there.
 Dear, deep remembrance! ne'er to be eras'd,
 When lip to lip, and heart to heart embrac'd.
 Our hearts had long ere this together beat,
 But ne'er before had dared thus close to meet;
 Our lips, ere this, had long exchange'd their vow,
 But never seal'd the blessed bond till now;
 Because I knew our love involv'd her fate,
 While yet she glitter'd in her walk of state:
 Besides, I felt the jealous forms of men,
 And my own pride repress presumption then,
 And taught me to look up with hopeless gaze,—
 And such wrought feeling as the bard surveys
 Some brightest planet in the midnight sky,
 So fair to view, beyond his reach so high!
 But now—what were all idle forms to us?
 Thanks to the tyrant who had work'd it thus."

The idea in the last part of this quotation is borrowed, as our readers will no doubt recollect, from Shakspeare—"Wilt thou reach stars because they shine on thee?" a sentiment more than once repeated by that great poet.—Ramiro, in the opening, is thus described:—

Not his a breast where feeling calmly beams;
Whate'er he felt, he felt in mad extremes:
Proud as the war-horse, and more wildly fierce,
Where his hate fell, his vengeance there would pierce.
Breasts that are cast in Nature's common mould
Can but, at once, one ruling passion hold;
If two start up, the weight of one will fail,
And that, or this, preponderate the scale.
But some men scorn this absolute control
Of one imperious passion o'er the soul;
Them with like force e'en rival passions move:
He that can hotly hate can madly love."

Having arrived in the island, and finding Isabel inflexible during the absence of her husband, the catastrophe is prepared in these terms:—

"He drew a dagger from beneath his vest,
And rous'd the dormant fury in my breast:
I rush'd upon him, grasp'd him by the throat,
And cried, 'Dark villain! what may this denote?'
'Villain!' with strangled voice he echoed back;
'What slanderous idiot dares the rash attack?
Hah! is it so?—by hell, we're bravely met!—
Take that! in token of Ramiro's debt.'
Full at my breast he thrust the deadly stroke:
The hand of Isabel its fury broke;
And mock'd its point, which, glancing, reach'd my arm,
Inflicting there a wound of slight alarm.
I loos'd my hold, to wrench his weapon's hilt;
But to the earth he flung the tool of guilt,
And thus exclaim'd: 'Why this is foully done!
Here is, indeed, a tragedy begun.
Why didst thou come, to damn to after-time
Ramiro's honour with so base a crime?
How couldst thou dream I came to seek the life
Of her or thee, with an assassin's knife?
O, not for thee—O, not for her 'twas meant!
I bore that dagger with a high intent:
It was design'd the despot pride to quell
Of one who would have murder'd Isabel;
To reach that sceptred tyranny accurst,
Which would have drank our blood with greedy thirst.***
But now, my lot is chang'd; I will not die:
There will be one on earth as damn'd as I.
Thou, Isabel—nay, lady, do not shrink—
Thou art bound with me by the immortal link
Of hopeless wretchedness!—all hell's black host
A pair more drunk with misery will not boast:

For know, that blood-discolour'd dagger there,
 Dire as the scorpion in his hottest lair,
 Hath an envenom'd sting, of power so deep,
 Its veriest scratch insures eternal sleep."

The affection and heroism of Isabel, which, by the loss of her own, saves the life of her husband, are done justice to by the language in which they are represented. We cannot help thinking, however, that her aid, according to the operations of nature, would have come a little too late, for the poison when she is supposed to have drawn it from the wound, had already spread through the frame of the hero.

" My spouse was watching o'er my fleeting breath ;
 Imploring heaven, with sighs, and tears, and prayer,
 But yet some transient space my days to spare.
 Her patron angel at her grief descended,
 His touch the dire mortality suspended,
 Chas'd all my tremors, banish'd all my pain,
 And life and health roll'd back through every vein.
 The sudden transport caus'd my sleep to break :
 But God ! O God ! to what did I awake !
 There was indeed an angel at my side—
 My fond, heroic, dear, devoted bride.
 Upon the floor she knelt beside my bed,
 And oe'r my out-stretch'd arm inclin'd her head.
 Her lips—those cherub lips 'twas heaven to kiss,
 Those soft delicious ministers of bliss,
 Where everlasting fragrance freshly sprung,
 Whence music breath'd, and where enchantment hung—
 Those lips around my canker'd wound were glued,
 And thence the poison with the gore imbued !
 Yes, suck'd the rank infection of my blood,
 And to the dregs drain'd forth the tainted flood !
 I snatch'd my arm aside, with wild affright,
 Yet hoped some fantasy deceiv'd my sight.
 Ah no ; it look'd too horrid to be true ;
 But 'twas not fantasy that mock'd my view.
 My matchless Isabel had sign'd her fate,
 And now all antidote was tried too late.
 Saving my meaner life, her own was lost :
 Who would have been immortal at such cost !
 ' O Isabel,' I cried, ' my heart's sole joy,
 How could'st thou thus my richer self destroy ?
 Was not the thought a cruel one, to leave
 Thy husband lonely upon earth to grieve ?
 The infant of our hope, O doubly dire !
 Must that too perish for its wretched sire ?

'Cease, cease to chide,' rejoin'd the lovely saint,
In mournful accent musically faint;
'O do not chide thine Isabel's fond love!
I hoped a happier destiny to prove:
And sure all gentle souls with pity's tear
The sacrifice of Isabel shall hear.
Castilian Eleanor, her Edward's pride,
This deed, of yore, with happier fortune tried.
I knew, and know, I could not live a day,
Or save my child, when thou wert snatch'd away.
There was this one wild hope, to raise my heart;
But 'tis the will of heaven that we should part.
Thou yet must live: I charge thee seek not death;
Scorn not the life for which I forfeit breath.
Plant on my chosen grave our favourite flowers;
My soul shall visit thee in moonlight hours.
How dark it grows! yet I had more to tell.
'Tis gone. Come near—yet closer—Oh farewell!"

In these extracts, which are all our limits will allow, were we fastidious, we might dwell upon several bad lines and inelegant expressions. "Dark villain! what may this denote?" is not a very appropriate exclamation to a man who was about to stab the wife of the person employing it; *tool of guilt* is very objectionable as applied to a poignard; and the description of Isabel with her lips *glued* around the cankered wound of her husband, is positively disgusting. It is, however, the lowest and the last duty of criticism, to point out such defects as will be corrected by the improving taste of a young man, especially where they are compensated by beauties of no ordinary or vulgar kind.

ART. VII.—*Theory on the Classification of Beauty and Deformity, and their correspondence with Physiognomie Expression, exemplified in various Works of Art and Natural Objects, and illustrated with four general charts and thirty-eight copper-plates.* By MARY ANNE SCHIMMELPENNINCK. London, Arch, 1815. 4to. pp. 431.

BEAUTY, the delight and torment of mankind, is the subject of this work. That which some authors have considered to be so mysterious in its character as not to be unveiled by human art, is here presented to us in the pages of a ponderous quarto, dissected and exposed in all the divisions and subdivisions, the classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties of the Swedish naturalist; and by the hand of a didactic lady. It may appear a formidable un-

dertaking for recluse critics to enter into any discussion with such a competitor on beauty, the influence of which she is so well acquainted with wherever she turns, and we should abandon the attempt if it were not discovered to be common to human nature, in both sexes, to be least acquainted with those qualities they themselves possess;—not that any woman is insensible to the power of her own charms, but she can see the effect in real life, and the cause only in her mirror.

Some writers have the vanity to attach to their works their own portrait, and it is frequently convenient, as that production may find a sale from the skill of the artist, which would meet with none from the science of the author; but on this occasion we should have been gratified from better motives if a thirty-ninth copper-plate had been added, exhibiting the lady in *propria personâ*, as the best illustration of her own theory.

Reid, in his Essay on the Intellectual Powers of Man, says, that beauty is found in things so various, and so very different in nature, that it is difficult to say wherein it consists, or what can be common to all the objects in which it is found. Why then, he inquires, should they be called by the same name? They please, he proceeds, and are denominated beautiful; not in virtue of any one quality common to themselves, but by means of several different principles in human nature. Our author disagrees with this metaphysician; and venturing to analyze the constituent principle both of beauty and deformity, she points out the sources and distinctions of that agreeable or disagreeable expression which pleases or offends the taste, whether in art or nature. She further aspires to reduce all the varieties of expression to a fixed and determinate classification, and to distinguish the signs which characterize the classes, with the undeviating laws by which they severally find utterance through the medium of sensation.

Beauty, which Theophrastus denominates a silent fraud, and Socrates a short-lived tyranny, is here not merely the subject of an epithet, but is most learnedly defined in different ways, but all reducible to this short form, as being that which gives pleasure to the mind in objects of sense. Dr. Hutchison, in his Inquiry concerning Beauty, says, that the word signifies the idea raised in us, and that the sense of beauty is the power of receiving this idea—The idea itself he denominates an internal sense.

Having settled her definition as was proper in such re-

gular advances, she next observes, that beauty may be reduced to a fixed standard, in its own nature essentially distinct from deformity; and that this standard includes not one, but several species, distinct in their constituent parts, as well as in the objects to which they are applicable. Dr. Sayer, in his *Disquisitions Metaphysical and Literary*, has given us a new analysis of beauty, and says, that object may be justly esteemed a standard of beauty, with the whole appearance, or with the component parts of which all the excellencies of it can be universally associated. This writer adopts the Hartleyan theory applied by Dr. Priestly, in his *Lectures on Oratory and Criticism*, and by Mr. Allison in his *Essays on Taste*.

Thus beauty, having been by our author defined to be that which gives pleasure to the mind through the medium of the senses, she next inquires, What that is which gives this pleasure? Is it any thing in form, colour, hearing, touch, taste, or smell? Here a wide range of examination is pursued, as to the answer that would be given by the ancient feudatory, the Swiss mountaineer, the modern Peruvian, the historian, and the poet, and from the general review of the peculiarities of these different characters, she assumes, that beauty consists not in mere form, colour, and other sensible qualities, but that form, colour, &c. only become beautiful as being the vehicle by which mind is expressed.

Some have considered beauty as extended to every thing that pleases; others have restricted it to objects of sight, comprehending however not only those which are the immediate subjects of vision, but also those which may be remembered or imagined. Certain it is that persons blind from their birth may be competent judges of the beauty of sound, composition, character, affection, conduct: all that belongs to the *honestum* (δικαίον) as distinguished from the *pulchrum* (καλόν) in its most limited construction. Consistently with these latter distinctions, Dr. Price, in his *Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas*, explains the difference between those of beauty and deformity, and of right and wrong, and in allusion to the popular errors on the subject, shews that right and pleasure, and wrong and pain, stand in the precise relation of cause and effect. Our author resumes,

“Mind alone can give emotion to mind. Where there is no mind or character expressed, there can be no beauty.” (p. 14.)

Plato and Xenophon among the ancients, and Shaftsbury

and Akenside among the moderns, considered that beauty originally dwells in the moral and intellectual perfections, and in the active powers of mind; and that from this source as the fountain, all the beauty we behold in the visible world is derived.

"Mind, mind alone! bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime. Here hand in hand
Sit paramount the Graces. Here enthron'd
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joys."

AKENSIDE.

The argumentative arithmetic of the lady in the following passage is not, to our judgment, in the most satisfactory form; inasmuch as we can discover no similarity between the positive and negative in the medium of comparison, and the two positives in the subject compared.

"Inconsistency of expression destroys character. On the same principle by which in algebra a *plus two* added to a *minus two* destroy each other, and leave nothing; so in matters of taste, a positive beauty of *one sort*, added to a positive beauty of equal force, of a *contrary description*, as certainly destroy each other, and leave nothing but a complete blank of expression." (p. 14—15.)

Nor are we pleased with the butchers' shops into which our author would thrust some of our best novelists, or the connection given to the facetious knight and the monster Caliban in the subsequent remarks.

"In the intellectual tastes the same rule obtains.

"Hence statues of Silenus, pictures of butchers' shops, novels like those of Fielding and Smollett, or the character of Falstaff or Caliban, have obtained a value and currency, not from their beauty, but from the pleasure which is given to some minds even by a consistent deformity." (p. 17.)

Our readers are not prepared (and cannot be in our cursory view of the work) for all the minute distinctions of the author: otherwise instead of referring to it, we would observe upon a classification of the best writers of ancient and modern times, (in page 380), where we have an arrangement of poets into the passive and active, the sublime, the sentimental, the sprightly, with the interchanges and intermixtures of these in all the permutations of quantity.

Mr. Burke speaking of beauty, says, "I mean that quality or those qualities of bodies by which they cause love or

some passion similar to it. I confine," he continues, "this definition to the merely sensible qualities of things, for the sake of preserving the utmost simplicity in a subject which must always distract us, whenever we take in those various cases of sympathy which attach us to any persons or things from secondary considerations, and not from the direct force which they have merely on being viewed." (*Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*) The same writer excludes from the number of real causes of beauty, utility, which with others, is the sole foundation of beauty. Hogarth, in his *Analysis of Beauty*, enumerates, as the elementary principles, fitness, variety, uniformity, simplicity, intricacy, and quantity.

The first part of the work having for its purpose to explain the radical constituent principle which distinguishes beauty from deformity in general, and the principles which characterize each distinct genus of beauty and deformity in particular, the author proceeds to treat of the external signs by which each of these constituent internal principles are manifested through the medium of objects of sense and perception. Yet she does not hastily develop this important subject; but finding the doctrine of association in her way, nearly 200 pages are employed in the disposal of it. The design of this episodical deviation is to shew that the constituent principles of beauty and deformity are expressed by that modification of sensible objects, which has been associated with the principles of each peculiar genus of beauty and deformity; and that on very different principles such associations may have been established.

The third part opens with a long catalogue of mathematical definitions and axioms as to right and curved lines, bases, perpendiculars, obelisks, pyramids, parallelogrammatic forms, &c. &c., and having so prepared her pupil, she applies the expression of inanimate material objects, to the animated human figure and countenance, to prove that the association of strong and powerful passions with perpendicular lines and strong arches, is not fanciful, but founded on truth and nature. The great artist we have named observes that figures bounded by curve lines are in general more beautiful than those bounded by right lines and angles; and he distinguishes two lines, the one resembling the figure 8, noticed in shells and flowers, and the other he calls the line of grace, or the same connected with some solid body, as the serpent entwining round a tree, the twisted horn, and the like.

The author apologizes for the unfinished character of her production, from the novelty of the theory. The form is certainly new, but a great portion of the matter is not new to those who have attended to the popular writers on the same subject. In the introductory address it is explained that from the age of nine to twenty years, she was collecting materials suited to this work, and that at the latter period she endeavoured to arrange them into a regular system, and to illustrate the whole by copious examples, taken from various branches of the fine arts, and from natural objects. Some time after she had been married her husband accidentally met with the scattered sheets, and recommended to her the publication of them, and we find that she knew how fitly to appreciate his advice.

Since the plates adapted to the physiognomic part of the work would have been both numerous and expensive, those only are introduced that are of a general character, or, as the author has it, "which include the classification of universal pleasing and displeasing expression."

With regard to the voluminous notes, the most of them are as distant from the professed object of the inquiry as the author could remove them; and they are on every possible subject but that of the work: we have the eastern cordillera, catacombs, Waldenses, tyger hunts, sweating sicknesses, the goodwife Fisher, and a protracted history of the Khaliffe Haroun al Raschid and his minister Giafar. But the author has not neglected to make an apology, and it is of a curious kind. "Being doubtful," she says, "whether her theory might appear as conclusive to others as it does to herself, she wished to interweave into her work a considerable portion of miscellaneous information, which might prove agreeable to the reader, and not make him regret, in any event, the time bestowed upon her book."

We readily admit that there is a great deal that is amusing in this work, but notwithstanding the solemnity with which the propositions are stated, the reader must be careful not hastily to adopt them, lest, with the writer, he be perplexed in a maze, from which he cannot be easily extricated. The parts with which he will be least disposed to accord are the sentences extra-judicially past upon some of the most distinguished ornaments of science and literature. Thus with respect to Gray's *Elegy* the author says, "The reader would find it impossible to tell another what it was about; nor could he find any radical leading idea to fix it in

his recollection; and if he attempted to translate it to a person who did not understand English, he would find the beauties were wholly lost; because they consist not in any prominent radical points capable of being seized or copied." What is the judgment of Johnson on the same production? "It abounds with images which find a mirror in *every mind* and with sentiments to which *every bosom* returns an echo."

We shall conclude with an extract from this calumniated writer, which with singular felicity comprehends sound, motion, attitude, shape, and colour, in the exhibition of perfect beauty; and we close with it because it irresistibly calls forth the corresponding emotions, and is in the shortest form a recapitulation of the whole subject.

"Slow melting strains, their Queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love."

(*Progress of Poesy.*)

ART. VIII.—*The Principles of Population and Production, as they are affected by the Progress of Society, with a View to Moral and Political Consequences.* By JOHN WEYLAND, Jun. Esq., F. R. S. London, Baldwin, 1816. 8vo. pp. 493.

THE author of this work is a very respectable magistrate of the counties of Oxford, Berks, and Surrey; and if we are rightly informed, had a principal concern in the establishment of one of our quarterly publications devoted to science and literature. Between the years 1807 and 1815 he committed to the press a variety of tracts on the poor laws, and the education of the lower classes, immediately intended for the improvement of an order in the community, which, as being the greatest in number and the least in personal ability, deserves the first consideration with every friend of humanity. The present work is intended for somewhat more than the occasional perusal of the advocates of public improvement: it is designed to constitute a part of the system of national education at our principal collegiate institution.

"Should the following work," says the author, addressing himself to the University of Oxford, "be calculated, in your opinion, to
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improve and to extend that knowledge, I shall be more than repaid for the labour of the composition; and my utmost wishes will be surpassed, should you think it worthy of occupying an humble place in those studies by which the youth of Britain are trained to be the strength and ornament of their country, and to be the instruments of imparting a portion of their own blessings to the distant regions of the world." (p. vii.—viii.)

The volume comprises three grand divisions of the subject: the first book explains the admirable proportion between population and subsistence in every gradation of society, and the dependence which the maintenance of this proportion has upon the discharge of the moral and religious duties;—the second shews the means a moral and religious people will employ to produce that continual increase of subsistence from the soil of their country, which will enable them to meet the demands of an augmenting population; and both are intended to prove, that the fruits of the earth are only to be obtained by sobriety and industry, in sufficient quantities to supply the general want; and that with these, and the corresponding qualities, a competent portion of nourishment is provided under the beneficent appointments of Providence;—the third book presents the expedients by which the conservative principle, inherent in the progress of population, is kept alive and regulated by the influence of morals and religion on the customs, habits, and pursuits of the people. The three books collectively are intended to exhibit something approaching to a complete view of the elements of society, agreeing with itself in all its parts, and in its tendency consistent and uniform. This important purpose is attempted, not with the regularity and preciseness of a logical deduction, but in the method of a dissertation,—placing the subject in various lights,—that from whatever point the mind contemplates it, some useful truth may be afforded. By such a course of inquiry, it will be seen that, contrary to some doctrines heretofore maintained, population may continue increasing in numbers, wealth, and happiness, from the first step in the career of society up to the highest degree of civilization, under the operation of the laws of God; and that this progress is liable to be checked only by those impediments that arise out of a wilful deviation from such laws. The patriotic writer, in his concluding chapter, submits the following observations:—

"If the contemplation of such a system be useful towards the production, and animating to the progress, of the nobler sentiments

among mankind in general, it should produce these effects in a peculiar manner among the ingenuous youth of the United Kingdom. They can scarcely take a step in their inquiries into the history and polity of their own country, without tracing the consequences of such a system. Howsoever its vigour may, by lapse of time and partial neglect, have been permitted to droop in some of its departments, they will find in the construction of the system itself, that its founders looked to pure morals and sound religion as the fundamental principles of public prosperity. Our youth will, therefore, discover in the constitution of their own country, in church and state, at once the true foundations of national strength, and examples for the regulation of their own conduct and character as active citizens of a free country. If, during their perusal of the preceding view of the progress of society, they will bring the History of England to bear upon any one of the stages which have passed under investigation, they will probably find that the state has been carried through it with success, and made the transition to that which next succeeds, principally because it has, in the main, been governed upon the system recommended in this treatise; that is, that its laws and institutions have been founded in moral and religious principles; and that its leading statesmen, at the critical periods of its history, have usually referred their political measures to that unerring test. It will scarcely be denied, for example, that during the last century we have been profiting, almost exclusively, by the religious and political institutions left behind them by the great and good men who flourished at the REFORMATION and the REVOLUTION; that sound religion was the cardinal point to which all those institutions were directed, and, together with morals, afforded the principles upon which they were constructed. As little can it be denied that, during the last century, if the institutions have not been permitted actually to decay, at least the spirit of some of them has declined, and sufficient care has not been taken to extend and apply them to the altered circumstances of the country. If it be asked, wherefore is this? I should be tempted to reply, because the cardinal principle was overlooked; because political sagacity was estranged from its legitimate companion, sound piety; and the effect of moral and political institutions upon the people was referred, not to the eternal principles asserted by God for the government of man, but to the degenerate passions of the parties concerned, and to the temporary and particular interests of the passing moment. (p. 487—489.)

We know no work more instructive than that before us, to expose the true cause of the mischiefs in a neighbouring country, which was the almost total demoralization of the people. The great secret of national happiness and prosperity, is a moral government over a moral people; a government respecting all the rights of such a people, and a people obeying all the enactments of such a government.

THE DRAMA.

ART. IX.—*Caractacus, a New Tragedy, &c.; with previous Remarks on English Dramatic Tragedy: including a Blank-Verse Gamut, and Strictures on Theatrical Committees, Managers, and Players.* By WILLIAM MONNEY, *Gent.* London, published for the Author, by Sherwood and Co. 1816. 8vo. pp. 117.

THIS tragedy is printed “to spite the managers,” who rejected it; and the confidence of the introductory remarks would induce the reader to expect that the author was a “much-injured gentleman,” did not the nature of those remarks prove, in the outset, that the writer scarcely possessed the most ordinary talents, much less any portion of the genius required for the production of a drama of the pretensions of *Caractacus*.

We confess, it is not without regret that we speak severely even of the wretched piece before us, because, independently of the justice of some of the complaints against theatrical regulations in the prefatory matter, it is our wish that every encouragement should be given to dramatic works which appeal to the public through the press, at a time when, from many concurring circumstances, the stage in a manner may be said to be closed against authors who have to offer any thing at all resembling the higher efforts of composition. We lament, however, much more that the cause has found such an incompetent advocate as Mr. Monney, since, in addition to the discouragement it gives to others, it affords an opportunity to the managers to appeal to his tragedy as a fair specimen of all those which have been unsuccessfully submitted to them. Fortunately—or rather, perhaps, unfortunately, Mr. Monney does not stand alone in this predicament, for he shares the pains of rejection in very good company, as we took occasion to shew in our last Number, when we felt called upon to speak in terms of high approbation of the tragedy of *Ivan*, by Mr. Sotheby, who has proved himself a poet of no vulgar qualifications. It is, perhaps, a little hard upon him, and may even be thought much to diminish the value of what we before said in his praise, that we now couple him with an author like Mr. Monney. Indeed, we should probably not have thought it necessary to have taken any notice of the work before us, had it not come forward with such high pretensions, and had we not usually devoted a separate

branch of our Review to such productions of the drama as have not been submitted to a public audience, from a deficiency of interest with the managers.

He that begins to write a tragedy, should recollect (not so much for the purpose of damping ardour as of checking presumptuousness) that he is about to attempt a species of composition which holds a rank next to an epic poem. On the requisites for success we need not dwell for the information of the generality of our readers; but it may be worth while just to tell Mr. Monney, for his guidance in any future ambitious project, that one of those requisites is, that the author should be able to write English: we could have passed by perhaps without remark the disregard of some of the niceties and delicacies of grammar, but who can forgive the writer of a tragedy, who pens such lines as the following, in which the most ordinary rules of concordance are set at defiance.

" You, brave Osinus, who *commands* the posts." (p. 48.)

" *Rose* from th' smiles of charming Cartismandua
I'll not sink by frowns from proud Venutius." (p. 48.)

" What *means* you? surely brave Vellocatus
You cannot mean *offencement* to my sex?" (p. 78.)

" His bold heart chill'd and *freez'd* him into death." (p. 96.)

" But now the difference of our fates *stand* thus." (p. 110.)

" 'Twas *him*; yes, I certainly did see him." (p. 112.)

We might make the list three, or, for aught we know, thirty times as long, were we not tired of noting these blunders. We observed many errors of the same kind in the introductory forty or fifty pages; but we concluded at first that they were to be attributed to the carelessness of the compositor, and not, as it turned out, to the ignorance of the author. If we thought him capable of any improvement, we would take the liberty of recommending to him the perusal of Dr. Lowth's or Lindley Murray's English grammars; or if these works be too far advanced for his present state of knowledge, he may begin with a little book well known in nurseries, under the title of *Reading made Easy*.

Is it not more than ludicrous for such a man to attempt to produce a *tragedy*? Yet this is not all; for the author in the title-page, lets us know besides, that he has prefixed "*Remarks upon English Dramatic Tragedy*," "*a Blank-verse Gamut*," and "*Strictures on Theatrical Committees, Managers, and Players*." A word or two upon each of

these pre-eminent specimens of ignorance and incompetence. The first consists of some very *important discoveries* regarding the unities of time, place, and action, which, by some accident, he has heard were generally observed by the Greeks and Romans, and which, by some other accident, he has learnt were disregarded by Shakspeare: for several pages he flounders about among the unities, by turns confounding one with the other, (which, indeed, is the only real novelty he has succeeded in bringing forward,) and at last, for any thing we can perceive, arrives at no conclusion, excepting that there are such things as unities, which he does not understand: certainly his tragedy is a further illustration of this fact. The *Strictures on Theatrical Committees, &c.* as may be guessed, is only a little ebullition of bile against those persons who dared to think, as we do, that Mr. Monney's tragedy of *Caractacus* is the most errant stuff that ever insulted the public eye. He complains, that only a formal note was sent, stating, "that it probably would not succeed in representation," without any reasons assigned: a man who could exhibit such a performance, and possess the ignorant presumption to send it to men even of the most vulgar acquirements for acceptance, would be incapable of comprehending any reasons why it was unfit to be acted. Mr. Monney recommends, that in future these works should be judged by dramatic authors of approved ability, and not left to the decision of individuals unconnected with literature. This is another absurdity, for the admitted objection at present is, that productions for the stage are accepted or rejected upon the opinion of rival authors.

But we now come to the most splendid absurdity of all, on which the author plumes himself not a little: one of our celebrated moralists says, that "the presumptuousness of learning is humility itself to the presumptuousness of ignorance." Mr. Monney is wonderfully vain of his *blank-verse gamut*, as he calls it, and as this is a point on which he affects to be scientific, both in the name and the manner in which he applies it, he shall not complain that he is misrepresented: we cannot be more severe upon him than to quote his own words:

"The next principle to be considered will be, the English Dramatic *Blank Verse Gamut*, the knowledge and use of which are indispensibly necessary for the assistance of a young poet and orator, as is that of music to a beginner in the knowledge of that science.

"The Iambic, or blank verse (the latter appellation should be preferred, at least in the English acceptation of it), that is, without rhyme, and which, if correctly written, should contain only ten syllables in each line, or be reduced to that number by contraction; and, in so contracting it, care should be taken that the vowel dropped from the word contracted be such as will least disturb the harmony of the line; however, blank verse resembles, in some degree, the Iambic; for, in the proper pronunciation of it, the first, third, fifth, seventh, and ninth syllables should be articulated in a lower and rather quicker tone of voice than the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth: again, a stronger articulation on the second and eighth syllables in each line will be required than on the fourth, sixth, and tenth; these rules, properly attended to by poet or player, will produce that bold, musical, and expressive effect which blank verse is generally used to convey; and in the absence of the observance of them, it will frequently be found that the harmony of the line will be injured, as well as the sense of it disordered.

"It occasionally happens, that, in dramatic writings, the last line in a speech breaks off short of the proper number of syllables; and, in that case, the commencing line of the next should be composed of exactly such number of syllables as, together, would make up a whole line; and if written or spoken with care, and properly managed by poet or player, it will often be found susceptible of giving great effect and energy to the dialogue.

"The foregoing gamut, however, must be regarded rather as of use to assist or correct the works of young poets, than to govern them in the freedom of conception or writing; and when poets may have written out of proper measure, or neglected to harmonize it, the reader and the player must be allowed to exercise their own talents in the best way they may be able, to assist and convey the sense of such line, so written, in the most convenient manner to themselves, and so as to aid the harmony of the expression of it.

"The adoption of the use of this gamut will, for a short time, be found by the pupil stiff and difficult, as indeed are the rudiments, in some degree, of all the sciences; but a short perseverance in its use will soon convince him of its utility." (p. 17—19.)

The ridiculousness of this attempt at systematizing would be very amusing, if it were not mixed up with a feeling of compassion at the miserable state of delusion in which the author seems wrapped as to his own abilities; and we should think that we were performing a very uncharitable office in thus pointing out his incompetence, had we any notion that what we say could make the least impression upon him: our observations may be vinegar, but they are encountered by the oil of his self-complacency, which allows no admixture of diffidence; we only wonder that he admits, that his new invention is not "to govern" young poets "in freedom of con-

ception." The whole is so laughable, that we need waste no more time upon it: we shall see presently how Mr. Monney applies these admirable rules to produce "that bold, musical, and expressive effect which blank verse is generally used to convey;" and he has a right to expect, that, in order to establish the assertions we have made, we should give some extracts from this rare and unequalled effort of his muse.

The story of *Caractacus* is known to every body, as well from history, as from Mason's beautiful and regular tragedy upon the Greek model; but Mr. Monney, who starts as a rival, not only of Mason, but of Shakespeare, defies all rules, and, by his tragedy, gives a solution of the doubt we before expressed; for not only one, but all the unities of time, place, and action, are disregarded as the fetters of a soaring genius. Some of his *Dramatis Personæ* are, however, new and amusing; such as two Druids and a *Druidess*, called *Presageus*, *Mirabundus*, and *Presaguria*. It ought also to be mentioned, before we begin our specimens, that our readers must not expect any uniformity in the pronunciation or quantities of the names; thus, *Galgacus* is as often pronounced *Galgācus* as *Galgăcus*, &c.: *Cartismandua*, the Queen of the Brigantes, is a name in which Mr. Monney delights, because, like him, it seems to set at nought all rythmical proportion. Our readers will bear in mind, also, Mr. Monney's *blank-verse gamut*, and mark the great use he has made of it in communicating harmony and correctness to his lines—such harmony and correctness as never before were witnessed.

The tragedy opens with a druidical dialogue on the subject of a human sacrifice to be made for a victory gained by *Caractacus* over the Romans. *Presageus* and *Mirabundus* teem with omens and wonders as well as the lady Druid, *Presaguria*. This serves to introduce a love scene between *Galgacus*, a British warrior, and *Junia*; but first some fine lines pass between *Junia* and her confidante.

"Enter JUNIA and CORDICA.

"*Jun.* What said the queen, my mother? does she attend To see the holy sacrifice perform'd?

"*Cor.* Her Majesty requir'd I'd tell you, yes;

And bid me learn of you, if you did know

The King, your father, does expect you there,

And if *Galgacus* had inform'd you so.

"*Jun.* I shall attend; say so to my mother;

But, by that prince, I no command receiv'd
Expressive of the King's desire I should.

[*Exit Cor.*

That kind Galgacus, whose love should speed him,
Has not come, excites a fearful wonder:
He feels stern duty chides his gentle love,
And therefore shuns me: soft; for here he comes.

Enter GALGACUS.

"*Gal.* I bring, fair Princess, from your noble sire,
An errand of his kingly wishes t' you,
That you this morning meet him at th' temple,
And join the grand solemnities with him.

"*Jun.* Thanks for the trouble you have taken, Prince,
I have to beg you will accept from me;
But I have learn'd the royal will before
On that same subject, and shall obey it.

"*Gal.* I gladly shall convey your dut'ous answer.

"*Jun.* In doing so I shall be much oblig'd,
Which thanks, kind Prince, but poorly will repay.

"*Gal.* Oh, lovely Princess, one sweet look of love,
But one approving smile from those bright eyes
Will ev'ry obligation cancel,
Which my poor services can e'er incur.

Oh, dear Junia? permit a soldier plead
In his rude strains the humble cause of love;
'Gain beseech you to allow his passion,
To prompt his tongue with increasing ardour,
To tell how much he loves and doats on you!

"*Jun.* Oh, fie, Galgacus; th' soldier's better theme
Would be on battles nobly fought and won,
Of captives made, and enemies subdu'd.

"*Gal.* Alas! dear Princess, sweetest, lovely maid,
The soldier's fierceness loses all its fires,
And softens into gentleness and love,
When, gazing, I admir'd your wondrous charms.

"*Jun.* You know, Galgacus, 'tis my father's will
That I withhold from you my hand and heart,
Until ten battles, in succession won
By you, the leader of his valiant guards,
Nine out of which have only been achiev'd;
Therefore, brave Prince, pray speak no more of love
Until the tenth shall be accomplished.

"*Gal.* Can I behold you, and not speak of love?
No, lovely Junia, that's impossible!
Inclining softness tempers ev'ry sense,
Brings forth the heart, and makes me speak of love.
Oh, charming Princess, 'llow me touch this hand,
And crave a feeling in your tender heart.

"*Jun.* I fear, Galgacus, you have caus'd too much;
But it must be suppress'd, you know it should;
My father's vows must not be lightly held
By me or you.—Ten battles must be won,

"*Gal.* Yes, Princess, of that I am well aware,
And that 'tis which makes this day more awful:
The chance of battle causes chilling fear,
With which my heart, till now, was unacquainted;
For should the Roman arms victor'ous prove,
Junia and Galgacus may ever part.

"*Jun.* Heav'n forbid that such event should happen!
But leave me now, Galgacus, pray do leave me,
To vent my tears, for I am sorrowful:
My heart forebodes some sad disaster nigh,
Which causes me to wish t'indulge my grief,
In lonely solitude, with ardent prayer,
To supplicate the gods to 'vert all ill,
For your protection and your save return."

This does not even possess the merit of being prose run mad, and may be pronounced to be the most insipid palliating trash that ever was mis-called versification. What sort of measure (and we should hardly know that it was so intended, if it were not cut out into shreds of words) according to Mr. Monney's admirable rules, are the following lines:—

"That kind Galgacus, whose love should speed him,
Has not come, excites a fearful wonder."—And

"Gain beseech you to allow his passion
To prompt his tongue with increasing ardour."—And

"Oh, charming Princess, 'llow me touch this hand,
And crave a feeling in your tender heart," &c. &c.

In short, never before was such a miserable attempt made. What too, we should like to know, is the meaning of the elliptical commas that we find so often inserted, not merely before vowels to compress two syllables into one, but before consonants; thus, in the above extracts, we have "*th' queen*," "*t' you*," "*th' soldiers*," &c.; and sometimes we are indulged with a further novelty of cutting off the vowel in the more important word, as "*to 'vert all ill*," instead of "*t' avert all ill*." What also is intended by writing duteous *dut'ous*, and victorious *victor'ous*, unless, to employ the author's own words, it be to give "the musical and expressive effect which blank verse is generally used to convey." But lest it should be thought that we have selected an unfair specimen, or that our poet's *forte* is not the moving

pathos of love, we will subjoin an extract of a different kind, in which he deals in those great ingredients of tragedy, "treason, blood, and death." Vellocatus, like another *Ganelon*, has betrayed his king *Caractacus*, and on his way to the Roman camp meets *Junia*, to whom he offers violence; she resists in the admirable quotation already made.

"What means you? Surely brave Vellocatus
You cannot mean *offencement* to my sex?"

But he succeeds in carrying her off to the skirts of the entrenchments of the enemy.

"*Jun.* Oh, for good heaven's sake, spare, oh spare me!
I shall die with anguish as you force me!"

"*Vell.* Resist no longer, for it is in vain:
No power on earth, in heaven, or hell,
Shall tear you from my arms!"

"*Jun.* Oh, heav'nly powers!——

[*Near fainting.*

Enter GALGACUS.

"*Gal.* Methinks I hear that heav'nly voice again.

[*As he enters.*

Oh you vile monster in a human shape!

[*Seizing Vellocatus.*

Forego your sacrilegious grasp of this
Dear angel; or, by the heavenly gods,
I'll tear you all to pieces, and scatter
O'er these fields your filthy fragments!

[*Galgacus forces her from him.*

Enter a Roman Escort.

"——Here, here!

A moment, Sirs, support this drooping lily,
Till this vile traitor feels my just revenge,
Made bite the land he basely has defil'd!
Now, base viper, infamous deserter,
And villain, traitor, coward in extreme!
Be quick in drawing your disgraced sword,
Or I shall be compell'd to turn assassin!

"*Vell.* Who are you? Oh, the haughty prince Galgacus!
Have at you, you impudent intruder,
And thus we'll try to whom the prize belongs.

"*Gal.* Words are but poor my proud contempt to speak;
My sword shall tell it to your coward heart!

[*Fight, Vellocatus falls.*

"*Jun.* (*reviving.*) Where am I? Galgacus, oh, Galgacus!

"*Gal.* Behold him here before you, heav'nly maid!
And view that hell-hound, welt'ring in his gore!

"*Jun.* Oh, all you heav'nly gods!—Is it he?
It is, it is, and we shall still be blest!

[*She flies into Galgacus' arms.*

"*Gal.* Welcome, you greatest treasure of my soul!

[*Embrace.*

"*Vell.* Could I the wishes of my soul obtain,
I'd pluck perdition from the deepest hell,
And with destructive ruin hurl it on you!
May blackest curses hang o'er these damn'd realms,
Those cursed realms, where all my hopes are crush'd,
And all my high aspirings prostrate lie;
I, mark of scorn for this proud prince to frown on!
By all the furies, and all hell's grim gods,
I would not glut his sight another moment
With my expiring pangs, for years of life.—
My sword shall—— Oh!

[*As he lifts up his sword, he expires.*

"*Gal.* There fled the blackest soul hell e'er received."

Here we have our author in his true vein, "fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell!" Here, indeed, "his genius bubbles and boils o'er the brim." Imagine the self-satisfaction with which he read them over after pouring out those fine frothy lines put into the mouth of the dying Vellocatus: he had taken *Bayes's* recipe of stewed prunes to some purpose.

It would not be fair to close our review without noticing two lines which we were much surprised to find in the tragedy, because the sentiment, though common, is tolerable, however ill express:

"The soldier who wants oaths to bind his honour,
Is not so dear as he whom honour binds."

And we should have been inclined to think them a plagiarist, had we not been pretty certain that the author never heard of the name of Beaumont and Fletcher. He seems to have "stumbled on a virtue unawares," perhaps by using something like Swift's logographic machine.

It is now time, however, to dismiss Mr. Monney and his "*new* tragedy," as he aptly calls it; new it is in every way, for even absurdity and stupidity were never carried so far before. We defy any man to produce any thing in the whole range of the drama so pre-eminently bad:

"Here ignorance and dullness meet,
To make the specimen complete."

BIBLIOTHECA ANTIQUA.

For out of the olde felde, as men saieth,
Cometh all this new corne, fro yere to yere ;
And out of old bookes, in good faieth,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.

Chaucer's Assem. of Fowles, st. 4.

- ART. X.—1. *Stafford's Niobe: or his Age of Teares. The first part. A Treatise no less profitable and comfortable than the times damnable. Wherein Deaths visard is pulled off, and her face discovered not to be so fearefull as the Vulgar makes it: and withall it is shewed, that Death is onely bad to the bad, good to the good. The second edition; newlie corrected and amended. Printed at London, by Humphrey Lownes, 1611. 18mo. pp. 202.*
2. *Staffords Niobe, dissolv'd into a Nilus: or his Age drowned in her owne teares: serving as a Second Part to the former Treatise. Wherein the vanitie and villanie of the Age, and the miserie of Man are so painted to the life, as that it will make a man long to leave this painted life, to come to that true and eternall one. Seclusus a Seculo. Printed at London by H: L: for Mathew Lownes, 1611. 18mo. pp. 263.*

WHEN we recollect how many critical works upon the productions of our ancestors have been published within the last ten years, under the direction of most learned and assiduous men, it seems sigular that this curious and valuable work should have hitherto escaped notice; even the name of its author is not mentioned in the biographical dictionaries of Dr. Aikin, or Mr. Chalmers, nor in the *Biographia Britannica*: this is the more singular because the industrious Lempriere has noticed *Anthony Stafford* and his works, and has supplied a few dates (from what source does not appear) some of which are probably incorrect. This silence of bibliographers and biographers is no doubt to be attributed to the extreme rarity of the book, which, we believe, has not been brought to the hammer for many years, and for which one of our most tasteful collectors has in vain offered a very high price. It will be our business to give such particulars of the author as we have been able to collect; and such extracts from his book as may serve to illustrate its character and curiosity.

It seems certain that *Staffords Niobe* was not only known to, but used by Milton: the eloquence and zeal of the

writer in the cause of morality and religion could not fail to excite the admiration of "that man of mighty mind." One passage of which he availed himself is to be found in the second part of this production, where Stafford supposes himself to be addressed by Satan; who gives a description of his infernal domain. "True it is, Sir, (says he) that I (storming at the name of supremacie) sought to depose my Creator: which the watchfull, all-seeing eye of Providence finding, degraded me of my Angelicall dignitie, dispossessed me of all pleasures; and the *Seraphin*, and *Cherubin*, *Throni*, *Dominationes*, *Virtutes*, *Potestates*, *Principatus*, *Arch-angeli*, *Angeli* and all the celestial Hierarchie (with a shout of applause) sung my departure out of Heaven: my *Alleluia* was turned into an *Ehu*; and too soone I found that I was *corruptibilis ab alio*, though not *in alio*; and that he that gaue me my being, could againe take it from mee. Now, for as much as I was once an Angel of light, it was the will of Wisdome to confine me to Darkness, and to create mee Prince therof; that so I, who could not obey in Heauen, might commaund in Hell. And belieue mee, Sir, I had rather controule within my darke Diocese, then to re-inhabite *cœlum empyreum*, and there live in subiection, vnder check."

The first passage in italics will immediately call to mind Milton's enumeration of

"Thrones, dominations, principdoms, virtues, powers!"

but this he might have obtained from learned writers of the time, who entered more into the subject than Stafford. In *Aditus ad Logicam, autore Samuele Smith*, 1634, the same enumeration is given as that of Stafford, though the order of rank is inverted. Smith is treating of the celestial intelligences, *Cujus ordo est* (he says) 1 *Seraphin*, 2 *Cherubin*, 3 *Thronus*, 4 *Potestas*, 5 *Dominatio*, 6 *Virtus*, 7 *Principatus*, 8 *Archangelus*, 9 *Angelus*. The last lines of the above quotation are more conclusive, and formed the basis of one of the finest characteristic passages in the *Paradise Lost*. Satan in triumphant despair exclaims

"In my choice
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

Which is precisely the sentiment expressed by Stafford. A reader who is well acquainted with the *Paradise Lost* will probably observe other coincidences as we proceed.

Butler also, who had not a mind very congenial with that of Stafford, seems to have imitated two lines inserted in the *Niobe*; the author is speaking of the debauchery and foolhardiness of young men of his day:

"These are they who, being drunk,
Will fight for a pinne, a pot, or a punk."

It is said that the author was born in Northamptonshire of a noble family, most likely a branch of that of Lord Stafford, for he wrote a small book entitled, "Honour and Virtue triumphant over the Grave; exemplified in the Life and Death of Henry Lord Stafford;" and in the epistle to the reader of his *Niobe* he states, that "his birth styled him a gentleman;"* in another place he says, that he was a younger brother, "or he should have thought himself a companion for a very proper man." Whether he was a sufferer on account of his youth does not appear, but in one part of his work, he is very severe against older brothers. He was of Oriel College, and, as Lempriere asserts, was made Master of Arts in 1623; but there is reason to doubt the accuracy of this date, for though Stafford admits that, when he wrote his *Niobe*, "he was in his spring of youth," and elsewhere adverts to his "unfortunate fortunes and unstaied youth," he could scarcely be less than twenty years old at the time; and to suppose that he did not take his degree till 1623, would postpone it to rather too late a period; probably it ought to be 1613. It is to be recollected also, that the volume on our table is the *second edition*, and though a first has never we believe been heard of, it must have been of an earlier date than 1611. Lempriere, the only biographer who mentions Stafford, had never seen the first part of his *Niobe*, which is of extreme rarity. He fixes his death in 1641, and justly terms him a man of great learning. The following is the list of works ascribed to him by the same writer, exclusive of those we have already noticed:—

"Meditations and Resolutions," 12mo.

"Life and Death of Diogenes."

"Life of the Virgin Mary."

"The Pride of Honour."

To these we have to add a small 24mo. volume, which also had never fallen under the eye of the biographer, called

* In his address "to the long-eared reader," he observes "that his name admits of but few comparatives;" and in the second part of the *Niobe*, his spleen accuses him "for that he (not having an eye *ad genus, et proaves, et quæ nos fecimus ipsi*) lived at a rate far below the height of his blood."

"The Day of Salvation," 1635: the dedication is, "To the most happy Mistresse of all imaginable Graces, which beautifie and enoble the *Body* and *Mind*, the Lady *Theophila Coke*;" in which Stafford states, that he should shortly place her name "before a farre greater worke, which (Heaven assisting) might eternize her and itselfe." He refers, probably, to "The Femall Glory, or the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the Holy Virgin Mary," which is inscribed to the same lady, and bears date in the same year, and most likely appeared very soon after "The Day of Salvation."* This work is written in a very mystical rhapsodical strain, and gave great offence to the puritans from some of the tenets promulgated in it: indeed the Niobe appears to have experienced much opposition. Stafford never was married, for he asserts that he had made a vow against it; and in page 117 of the first part, he observes, "I do not enuie, but emulate, the happinesse of the late *Josephus Scaliger*, who being descended from Princes, and having all his race in his reines, fledde the societie of wanton women; fearing least he should beget one, who might one day destroy his familie, and take lustre from it, and so he himselfe, like a semi-god, gaue a period to his parentage. O! if a man had all his lineage in his loines, it were braue smothering it there rather then heereafter to let any crooked branch deforme the beautie of the whole stocke; or any disorderly person, either in life or death, to purchase infamy to his whole family."

After a dedication to the Earl of Salisbury, and an address "to the Reader in generall," follows a curious epistle "to the long-eared Reader," in which the author refers to the objections made to the first edition of the Niobe; one of which was that "he had thought himself worthy of Sir Philip Sidneys company;" to this he replies as follows:

"Truly sir, I will make no comparisous with that Superlatius (although I knowe that my name admitteth few comparatiues): but this I will say, that had not elder nature made mee a younger brother, I should have thought my selfe a companion for a very proper man.

* The epistle to Lady T. Coke is sufficiently fulsome. "My motives for the dedication of this ensuing treatise to your Ladship, are three—your knowledge, your vertue, and my own obligation, &c. Had I written to your Ladship in the Roman language, the French, the Italian, or the Spanish, they had beene almost as familiar to you as this your native tongue, in which you are mistresse of so great an elegancy, that no words are so fit as your owne to eternize your own actions," &c.

But, I mean shortly to lead fortune to the Curer of sight in Holborne: and if he can recover her sight, I make no doubt but when she sees me, shee will doe something for me. Howso-euer, Sir, for your better satisfaction, it shall suffice you to knowe, that Sir Philip Sydney hath appeared to me in a vision (when the eyes of my intellect were dazeled with the bright beames of his soules beautie) and called me his fauorite after death, the renewer of his renowne, & the glazer of his glorie. Geuerous Gentleman, said he, vvwhose neuer-glozing spirit this fawning age vvill neuer reward; my soule bowes herselfe to thee, & breathes her loue vpon thee, for making her immortall to all mortalitie: a benefite, for the which Ingratitude herselfe would yeeld thanks. I heare saie, that some Pedanticall pate hath tearmed thee saucie, for daring to approach so neere my presence; not knowing that a title, is not worth a tittle: it being onelie an accident of gentilitie; and therefore, may be with, or from it, sine interitu subiecti. Manie haue beene degraded of their titles: but of gentilitie no man can be depriued. But list; Fate calls me back: no more then but this; that since thou neuer sawest my bodie, and yet thy soule maketh loue to mine: knowe, that mine returnes loue; vvwhich shall proue perpetuall. Farewell: & belieue this, that no man will scorne thy companie, except those, who esteeme a shoppe-puppie (that can onelie shewe himselfe) better then a Gentleman that truelie vnderstands himselfe.

"No sooner had this Miracle of Nature ended (to me) the Oracle of Wisdome, but that he vanisheth, & my soule flew after him, attending him till hee tooke sanctuarie in that sanctified place, where nothing that is profane can enter.

"Now Mr. Carper, if you belieue that this vision vvvas onelie a strong imagination of mine, or rather a fable, you may so doe: but I vvill assure you, that in acknowledgement of the fauour, & grace he did me, I cannot but adde that vvwhich Homer hath of Hector, and applie it to him:

Non hominis certè mortalis filius ille

Esse videbatur, sed diuo semine natus.

"Nay: I vvill yet goe further, and affirme, that if I should compare a Philip of England, with Philip of Macedon, my comparison would not bee so absurd, as Plutarchs comparing Agesilaus vvith Pompey. I speake not this to flatter euen the loftiest of his lineage: for, I hold it as base to flatter man, as it is vaine to flatter God."

The work itself opens with a dialogue between the author and his Soule: he eloquently asks, "Is not this rotten body, this all-corruption, this worst of earth, a sufficient prison vnto thee, but that thou thy selfe must become a prison to thy selfe?" In reply, his Soule launches out in invectives vpon the deluge of sin which covers the age: he declares, that "his pen following his hearts motion, trembleth, the paper waxeth wan and pale, and the inke

putteth on melancholies sad hew," when he writes of the corruptions of the times, in which were verified the words of Seneca—*Habebitur aliquando ebrietate honor, et plurimum meri cepisse virtus erit*: he inveighs against drunkenness, pride, and flattery, and then censures the quarrelsome disposition of that time, so celebrated for duelling, that some men made it their profession, and with the most unlicensed daring held out public challenges to all comers. The distinction between true valour and fool-hardy impetuosity is well drawn in a few words.

"The first of these (quarrelling) hath more by tongue, then sword, purchased to it selfe the name of valour: which indeed is no neerer to valour then phrensie to wisdom. True valour biddeth a man fight *pro patria, et patre patriæ*; this bastarde courage incites a man to fight *cum fratre, cum patre*; the former perswadeth a man to be carefull not onelie that hee take no iniurie, but (euen religious) that hee doe none; the later saith, that hee is worthy of iniury that offers none. The one saith, Fight being prouoked; the other sayes, Prouoke to fight. And therefore I thinke that Seneca spake rather out of the greatnesse of his mind, then the depth of his wisdom, when he defined fortitude to bee *Scientia periculorum repellendorum, excipiendorum, prouocandorum*: that is, *A Science of repelling, of receiving and prouoking dangers*. The later of which is false; seeing there is no man wisely valiant, who will not rather inuoke helpe against danger than prouoke it." (p. 30—32.)

This pugnacious disposition he names one of the daughters of drunkenness, and another is licentiousness, which he maintains was never before carried to such a fearful extreme. The following quotation exhibits very extraordinary powers of language, and some humour: he is answering those who hold it to be no offence.

"No, no: it is no offence at all to allow him so much for euerie course: so causing him to spend flesh for siluer, till he become so lank and leane, that his legs are scarce able to support their late portly young master; going still as if hee were sitting, (occasioned through the imbecillitie of his hamme-strings) and so drie, that a marrow-bone-man, if hee should boile his bones, could scarce get out two droppes of moisture: his eyes so hollow, that they runne back to salute his memory, least she should forget them; and his cheekes denting-in, as if he were still sucking at a bottle. And now my braue slaue, being a neighbour to death, beginneth to find that all this while he hath mistaken, and worshipped a false deity for a true; and that therefore (though ceasing, through weaknes, to burne here in lust) he shal euer burne in neuer-consuming fire. Where is his mistresse now? whose praises should bee written with pennes of Angels wings; whose drinke should bee Nectar and Ambrosia. Hee now must leaue her behinde him, common to men, that shall one day bee common to diuels. It breedeth astonishment

in me, to heare a man stile a woman, *Diuine creature, of a heavenly feature, goddess of my thoughts, natures vttermost indeuour, &c.* whose bodie he knoweth to bee compos'd of putrefaction, and shall one daie come to that degree of rottenness, that (as she now, in the nostrils of God) it shall stink in the nostrils both of men and beastes. Reason and Religion teach a man (as her remembrancer) thus to court his Mistress: *Faire Queene of dust and durt, will it please your euery-hower-decaying maiestie, after some fewe yeares, or moneths, or daies, to haue those star-shining eyes of yours eaten-out with wormes, and the holes become cages for cankers? when your delicate, smooth body shall be enfolded in earths rugged armes; and your soft, swelling, moist, ruby lippes be kissed by her mouldy mouth; whē your pure red and white, shall be turned into poore browne and blacke; and that face, which hath driuen so many into consumptions, shall it selfe bee consumed to nothing.* Yet, for all this, our young gentlemen will not forbear their amorous, profane, loue-discourses; but yeele as much honour to women, as to their Maker." (p. 39-43.)

There have been various opinions among writers whether poverty be, or be not, an evil: poets, who have generally severely suffered under it, have often taken an ineffectual revenge upon it in their writings: Chaucer in one piece terms it "a hateful good," but before he has proceeded far, he admits that "very povert is sinne properly;" and Stafford is of the same opinion, for he accuses it of being the "veile of wisdom, curbe to the minde, the common enemy to vertue:" indeed, none bestow upon it applause, unless it be accompanied by content, (certainly not its ordinary associate,) and then, as Bentley well says in his only English poem, the possessor is

"Great without patron, rich without South Sea."

Swearing is next censured; and of avarice our author observes, that "it first made theft so capitall a crime; it having in this our Land a greater punishment allotted to it then adulterie, and many more enormous, hainous crimes;" and then he sarcastically adds, "I know no reason why adulterie should not be rewarded with death, as well as theft, but onelie this, that whereas man accounts his wife but onely as flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, he esteems of his coyne, as soule of his soule." In a free, and rather rambling style, he traces the progress of a child from infancy to manhood, shewing the various trials his virtue has to encounter, which brings the author to reflect upon the degraded state of nobility and gentry at the time he wrote. Here, as the reader will perceive by the ensuing quotation, he bursts out in a curious rhapsodical apostrophe to the soul of Sir Philip Sidney, of whom we have already seen that he was a most enthusiastic worshipper.

" The beasts themselves haue sense; nay, they have appearing (thogh not apparent) vertues; but none of them euer yet moued one degree of Contemplations rising scale: by which the wise man, with an aspiring zeale, ascends the throne of God; and seeing most things there inscrutable, in humilitie descends againe vpon his footestoole. O! but Gentry now degenerates: Nobilitie is now come to bee *nuda relatio*, a meere bare relation, and nothing else. Hovv manie Players haue I seene vpon a stage, fit indeede to be Noblemen? how many that be Noblemen, fit onely to represent them? VVhy? this can Fortune do, who makes some companions of her Chariot, vvho for desert should be lackies to her Ladiship. Let me want pittie, if I dissolue not into pittie, when I see such poore stuffe under rich stuffe; that is, a body richlie clad, vvwhose mind is capable of nothing but a hunting match, a racket-court, or a cock-pit, or, at the most, the story of *Susanna** in an ale-house. Rise, Sidney, rise! thou Englands eternall honour, reuiue! and lead the reuolting spirits of thy countrey-men against the soules basest foe, Ignorance. But, what talke I of thee? heauen hath not left earth thy equall: neither do I think that *ab orbe condito*, since Nature first was, any man hath beene, in whom *Genus* and *Genius* met so right. Thou Atlas to all vertues, thou Hercules to the Muses, thou Patron to the poor, thou deseruest a Quire of ancient *Bardi* to sing thy praises; who, with their musickes melody, might expresse thy soules harmonie. Were the transmigration of soules certain (which opinion, as *Cæsar* saith, the ancient Brittainish *Druidæ* imbraced) I would thy soule had fitted into my bodie; or wold thou wert aliue again, that we might lead an indiuiduall life together. Thou wast not more admired at home, then famous abroad; thy penne and sword being the Heraldes of thy Heroicke deedes. A worthy witness of thy worth was Lipsius; vvhen in amazement he cried out, *Nihil tibi deest, quod aut Naturæ, aut Fortunæ adest: Nothing, saith he, to thee is absent, that either to Nature or Fortune is present.* And in another place hee addeth, *O tu Britannia tuæ clarum sidus, cui certatim lucem effundunt Virtus, Musa, Oratio, Fortuna!* O, saith he, thou bright star of thy Brittainy, whose light is fedde by Vertue, the Muses, Fortune, and all graces! The verses vvwhich are extant in S. Pauls Quire at London, made in a grateful memory of this King of Knights, sufficiently declare his deserts: vvwhich verses, valour and honour command me heer to insert.

*England, Netherland, the heavens, and the Arts,
The souldiers, and the world, haue made sixe parts
Of the Noble Sydney: for who will suppose
That a small heape of stones can Sydney inclose!
England hath his bodie, for shee it fedde;
Netherland his bloud, in her defence shed:*

* Perhaps Stafford alludes to the Story of *Susanna* and the Elders, told by Robert Greene, in a small pamphlet called *The Mirrour of Modestie*, printed at the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth.

*The Heavens haue his soule; the Arts haue his fame;
All souldiers thr griefe; the World his good name.*

"Lord, I haue sinned against thee, and heaven; and I am not worthy to be called thy childe: yet, let thy mercie obtaine this Boone for me from thee, that when it shal please thee that my name be no more, it may end in such a man as was that *Sidus Sydneyorum*." (p. 111—117.)

Such a panegyric is not easily exceeded either in eloquence or in singularity. The epitaph is also preserved in *Camden's Remains*, as well as in *Churchyard's* "True Discourse historicall of the succeeding Governours in the Netherlands," 1602, a curious pamphlet, reviewed in our Number for June. Many were the effusions of a like kind poured out by his poetical admirers, some of great merit, and others of none: among the last we may place the following by Bancroft, inserted in his very scarce "two bookes of *Epigrammes*," as he misnames them: we believe that it has never been referred to by any writer of the life of Sidney, and as we understand that a new Memoir is in the press, we quote it merely that it may be useful.

"On Sir Philip Sidney.

*"Idols I hate, yet would to Sidneys wit
Offer Castalian healths, and kneele to it."*

We shall conclude our extracts from "Staffords Niobe, or his Age of Teares," by the following passionate address to Queen Elizabeth: in 1611 this high-flown applause had no unworthy motive to debase it to flattery, and the author probably had some solid ground for his admiration, as he calls her in another place "the great fautour of his family."

"Elizabeth, thou glorie of thy sexe, thou mirror of Maiestie and modestie, thou resemblance of that sacred Elizabeth, looke down through those thy Crystal spectacles, vpon thy meanest of subiects, who, in defence of thine honor, would oppose himselfe against all mortalitie, and expose his life to death for thee. I loued thee more then I did all the world, or more then all the world could loue thee. Incomparable, immutable, inimitable Queen! I am not affraid to say, that generations shall call thee Blessed; although a generation of Vipers, not forewarned of the vengeance to come, sting thy reputation, and seeke to debase thy euer-exalted name. The Queene of the South cam to see Salomon: had Salomon liued in thy time, or thou in his, he wold himselfe haue come to visit the Queen of the North; & beeing the wisest of men, would haue wondered to find so much wisdom in Woman. Blessed Virgine, thou retest from thy labours, & we labour for thy rest; and with ceaseless paine strue to attaine to that endlesse pleasure vvich novv thou enioyest. Thou abidest novv farre enough out of the reach of contumelious

tongues, & art secure from all that pale Enuie, or meager malice can charge thee with. There is no greater signe that thou wast vertuous, then that thou art maligned of all vvho are vitious. For, as a great bodie is not without a like shadow; no more is any eminent vertue vvithout imminent detraction. Mee thinks, that Calumny should end with the carcasse of her subiect, and not haunt the Graue til the last bone be consumed. VVhich to effect, Solon made a law, *that no man should speake ill of the dead*; and his reason was, *for feare of immortall enemies*. But they will not sticke to write against the dead, vvho are not afraid to write against the liuing.* (p. 135—138.)

From the "Niobe dissolv'd into a Nilus" we have already made one extract, in which we proved that Stafford was probably a favourite author with Milton. It opens with a pretatory epistle "to the younger gentry of England," in which he exhorts them to wean themselves from their degrading vices, telling them, "You are the Vainest of the Vulgar, in that you exceed the Vulgar in nothing but in vanitie." In this *second part* the author's Spleen is supposed to reply to his Soule, who had harangued at much length in the *first part*, and the Devil steps in as moderator between the disputants. He endeavours to seduce the author by the following novel and poetical description of his infernal dominion.

"Alas! Sir, we liue in no paine heere (That is a friuolous fable) nor haue wee anie punishment inflicted vpon vs, but onelie the deprivation of light; which is rather pleasing to mee, then anie waie offensive. You your selfe, Sir, loue a dark chamber, better then a lightsome: why, and I doe the same. And had I foreseene that darkenes should haue been my portion, I had surelie hastened my fall, to obtaine my welcome and wished-for Inheritance. Within my duskie Vault, I haue pleasures that surmount sense, and strike vnbeliefe into reason; able indeede to enchant the most pseiudiciall soules. I haue Nymphes, Sir, whose flesh is softer then the doun of Swans: their lippes distill sweet balsames; the burning beams of their eyes are able to enflame Ice, and make Satietie turne into Appetite: &c. * * * * In a worde, Sir, the Turks Paradise is

* We may contrast this posthumous applause with the following disgusting specimen of living adulation, addressed to Queen Elibabeth, in "The Arraygment of Paris," 1584, (a Pastoral which some have stupidly attributed to our Shakespeare): The Shepherd Paris has assigned to Venus the golden apple, and the *Fates* haue given to the Queen their various emblems. Diana then takes the apple "and deliuereth it into the *Queenes owne hands*," saying that it is

Prize of the *wisdom, beautie* and the *state*
That best becomes thy peerlesse excellence.

Venus, Juno, and Pallas severally resign their title to the apple, and the piece closes with the Queen's acceptance of it as her right. What a rage would Ritson have been in at reading such fulsome flattery to the object of his hatred.

heere: and in it are variable delights, to entertaine each severall Sense. For your Hearing, Sir, wee haue voices that will make you scorne the songs of Syrens; of power indeede to make Orpheus stand stupid; to amaze Arion, and enforce the Orbes themselues to stand still, and listen. As for your Sight (for you must vnderstand that I haue an artificiall light; though my conscience constraines me to confesse, that it comes farre short of the naturall) whereas it is generally held that the eye giues a being to colours; you shall confesse that the colours which are here, giue a being to your eyes, and that they are preserved by the reception of these formes. Hundred-eyed Argus (were he heere) might finde all his eyes busied at once, and for euery eye haue a hundred objects. Your feeling is already fitted: and as for your Taste it will here want imploiment. Now for your Smelling, Sir, we haue sents here, cōpounded of all the Earths sweetest Simples. Those which you haue vpon earth are counterfeit, in respect of mine: for I robbe the treasurie of the earths Center." (p. 18—22.)

He answers the Devil (whom he at intervals calls by an almost endless variety of ludicrous names, such as *Don Deformity*, *Mons. Madcap*, *Elector of Erebus*, *Mr. Filthy-face*, *Mr. Fierie-facies*, *Mr. Mouldy-face*, &c.) with great fervour and indignation, and after an expression of his gratitude to the Saviour, he proceeds to notice some of the delusions practiced on the Jews regarding the Messiah: he takes occasion to tell the following strange story:

"One of these, in Germanie, had his daughter gotten with childe by a Germane Gentleman: which so madded him that hee vowed her death, if shee did not speedily reueale the begetter of the bastard. The Wenche, fleeing from his presence, betooke her to her Louer: who counselled her to swear to her father, that she knew not how shee should come to bee with childe; for-that no man euer yet touched her vnchastlie. Well: Night being come, her Father went to bedde, with a resolution that shee should neuer rise more from hers. Before the first watch of the night was past, the incensed Father riseth out of his bedde, with a keene knife in his hand, ready to butcher the mother, with her bastard: but he was preuented by a noise which he heard vnder his window. Whither going, and looking-out, hee might perceiue a man clad in white, with a laurel on his head, in al points resembling an Angell. The good olde man, being amazed, cried out, In the name of God, who art thou? The false Angell replied, I am an Angell sent from God, to tell thee thy daughter shal bring forth mās Messias. With that, the louer of the Lass (who had al this while plaid the Angell) departed: and the ouer-ioied father ran to the bed of his daughter; and, in stead of killing her, kissed her, and tolde her that her wombe did inclose the worlds Redeemer. He would not go to bedde that night; but sate-vppe, writing Letters to his brethren (dis-

persed through all Quarters) to inuite and summon them to the desired sight of the worlds Sauour. To bee short: the daie of his daughters deliuerie being come, the Iewes flocked thither from all parts of the Earth, expecting the sight of him whome their fathers desired to see, yet could not. And loe, for a rich recompense of all their trauailes and pilgrimages, they sawe a Virgin brought a-bedde of a wench." (p. 41—45.)

He enforces the separation that ought to take place between Love and Lust, and in the following terms proves that Love and Reason ought to be reconciled, and that they always co-operated in happy marriages.

"What a poore pittifull prouerbe it is, that affirmes Loue to be blind! whereas, indeed, it is Lust that is blind, and makes no difference betwixt lone and my Lady. Loue and Reason haue but one paire of eyes betwixt them: they see through all things; and hauing, amongst all those all, espied one more eminent in excellencie then the rest, they there ioyne there powers to praise it: Reason telleth Loue, that there is nothing more louelie; and therefore it must be beloued: and Loue telleth Reason, that she speaks reason; and therefore is to be followed. Wherefore I wil make an Apology for belied Loue to Ladies and Gentlewomen, and tell them, that when their fauorites forsake them, Lust is to bee blamed, not Loue. For affection grounded vppon beautie onely, fades iust as fast as beauty it selfe: but those thoughts that are deuoted to Vertue, neuer violate their vows till Vertue leaue to be her selfe." (p. 115, 116, 117.)

The Devil had declared that he had used all means in vain to seduce the great Sidney from the pursuit of glory and the love of honour: we give the indignant answer of the author in vindication of his beloved poet and soldier.

"But to you againe, great Potentate of profaneness: If my conceit deceiue me not, you made great moane for the absence of Sidney; and said withall, that you had beene a long time a plying petitioner to the Parliament of heauen to haue him surrendered into your hands. Why should you desire it, when you see a gulf betwixt him and you? and beside you knowe that God vseth to raise vp them that fall; that they maie beate downe you, M^r Sathan, vnder their feet: much lesse then will he fling down them whom he hath raised, that so you may tread down them vnder your feet. But what (in your owne name) M^r Diuell, should driue you (who are your selfe the chief of vncleane spirits) to desire the companie of that cleane and glorified spirit? Since you first beganne to compasse the earth, you neuer found a spirite which could compasse more then that of Sidneyes. Had hee beene with you, hee would haue turned Hel into an Academy, and taught your fiends the Art-military. But hee is as farre from you, as the place from whence

you fell is from that to which you are fallen: and hee that beautified the earth doth now adorne the heauens. And I am verily perswaded that the *Nuntius Siderius* would, with his perspective glasse, sooner discover *Sidius Sydneyanum*, than any planet aboue the number of seauen. Braue gentleman, thou shouldst not lack all the poor Roman language I haue, to make thee as famous through Europe, as thou art through thy England, but that I want information of the circumstances of thy life: and besides my life would scarce suffice to recount the deedes of thine. But what needest thou the paines of my pen? It was thou that didst defend Poësie; and Poësie will defend thee. Sydney and Scaliger be the *Gemini*, which I would wish all young gentlemen to obserue, and haue an eye to, in this worlds tempestuous Ocean; that so no gale of false glorie driue them against the rock of riot, and wherrie them into base attempts." (p. 156—160.)

Towards the conclusion of the second part the author draws the characters of a courtier, a schollar, a soldier, a merchant, and a shepherd: the second and third are his favourites; that of the soldier we subjoin, as affording a singular specimen of eloquent description, which in some places reminds us of the same subject touched off in a few lines by our admirable Shakespeare.

"The soule of the Souldier is not chained to his bodie; but holdes it a thing indifferent either to tarry or to goe: and whereas others giue vp the ghost heauily, the Souldier giues it vppe chearefullie. If Death cunningly counterfeit the voice of Honour, and call him; he wil wade through blood, and runne through fire to ouertake him, though he bee ouertaken himself. What is it can sooner driue a man into an extasie, than to see a fellow venture his life for 8. pence a daie; and seeke to maintaine life by the losse of blood? Not one of Adams children gets his liuing with such paine as he. For, hee not onely liues by the sweat of his browes; but, by the lopping of limbes, the emptying of veines, and the maiming and dismembriug of himselfe. Those things, which seem hidious and fearefull to other mortalls, serue him for mirth and musicke. Hee is at no time so delighted, as when hee sees his foe marching towards him in a cloud of dust: the reflection of his armour is more welcome to him, than the warmth of the sunne: he longs to shake a bloudie fist with him. But (ô!) how he ioyes in the ioyning of the battels! He whips his sword out of the scabbarde; and sheaths it in his enemy: whersoener it flies, a soule flies with it. He runs raging here and there; and puffes, and blowes, to deprivue others of breath. His blood within, comes-out, to paint his face, made pale by reuenge: his lookes bode horreur. Hee fights, vpon his very stumps: and when his hands are hacked to nothing, he yet looks his insulting foe in the face, till his sword mangle his bodie into manmockes, and heaw his head into fitters. And when he falls, his

mouth (in despite) bites the mouth of the earth, which is readie to swallow him. And now, hee that would not take a blowe frō any visible hand, takes one at the hands of inuisible Death; who euer strikes, when a man hath no sense of disgrace left him. Historie will furnish vs with manie millions of examples of the valiant acts of souldiers: how some haue scaled skie-kissing walles; how others againe, to prevent a shamefull flight, haue killed their horses; least one beast should carry-away another: I meane, a Cowarde. This theame (should I follow it) would take-vp all my time: for, I can neuer write enough of that, which can neuer be prais'd enough. Yet, Soldierie wants not dispraises, and inconueniences; it being euidēt, that many Ages cannot furnish vs with many warrantable warres: I meane, such as the word of God doth allow. Now, when a man fights in a bad quarrell, and vpon wicked pretenses; his soule is in as great daunger of eternall death, as his bodie is of the momentarie. Besides; experience telleth vs, that men of that profession (for the most part) lead the loosest liues, of all others; and that, therefore, oftentimes God giues manie of them ouer to put their strength in chariots, and horses; though, to say the truth, it be more noble so to doe, than to place all humane happinesse in hawkes and hounds. To conclude in this ample subiect; the inconueniences of a Souldiers life are innumerable: as, chaunge of diet, famine, diuersitie of diseases, swarmes of vermine, and the like; all which destroy health: without which, life is a liuing death. Thus haue I endeauioured to commend the choisest couple of mankinde; the Schollar and the Souldier: who contend, one with the other, for the Laurell. Insomuch that it is to be doubted whether or no Iulius Cæsar did glorie more in his Commentaries, or in his fifty set battles, from which he returned victour. Yet, for my heart, can I finde out no one delight in both these beautifull paire, that hath not a crosse to crush and nippe it. To what end then should I treate of lower callings, when I discouer no content in the higher, and happier?" (p. 205—212.)

From the extracts above made, our readers will be able to form a tolerable estimate of the character of this production, which always furiously zealous in the cause of virtue, is now and then strangely ridiculous in its attacks upon vice. The book, from one end to the other seems struck off at a heat; as if the writer had been led from one subject to another without removing his pen from the paper: in the outset he declares, "I must and will write for my spleen is swollen;" and he is ever on the full gallop in chase of enemies whom he lashes *sublimi flagello*. In the introductory matter he states, that in his book he has "laid himself open to the world," but he discloses less of himself than we should have expected. The following excellent sentence we submit to such gentlemanly authors as in the

excess of their politeness endeavour to curry favour with all parties, by soothing up the follies, and flattering the vices of each. Stafford proclaims that he has written his *Niobe* "to the intent that I may attract the loue of the vertuous, and the hate of all those who continue vitious: for I hold him to be no honest man that is beloved of all men. For in that, he sheweth that he can applie himselfe to the time, be it never so vitious; to the place, be it neuer so infamous; to the person, be it neuer so odious."

J. P. C.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

GNOMOLOGY.

ART. 11.—*Gnomologia; Adages and Proverbs, Wise Sentences, and Witty Sayings. Ancient and Modern, Foreign and British. Compiled by* THOMAS FULLER, M. D. London, for Thomas and Joseph Allman, and John Fairbairn, Edinburgh. 1816. pp. 204.

IN this small reprint, no less than 6,497 proverbs, sayings, &c. are collected by the industry of the author, who, by those who only judged from names, has been confounded with Thomas Fuller, best known by his "*Worthies*." In the introduction, some of these adages are apologized for on the ground of indecorum and indelicacy, but without much reason, while it might not have been amiss if those inserted in previous and well-known collections had been omitted; a few also are puerile and insignificant. The industrious accumulator states, that extreme old age and defective sight, prevented him from finishing the undertaking in the manner he wished; but notwithstanding, it will be useful, to such as have sufficient patience to wade through such a vast variety of unconnected sentences. Other useful new editions of little works by Dr. Fuller have lately made their appearance.

PHARMACY.

ART. 12.—*Oracular Communications, addressed to Students of the Medical Profession. By* ÆSCULAPIUS. London, Cox and Son, 1816, 12mo. pp. 132.

THE work under this singular title, from the Temple at Sicyon, contains much plain and salutary advice to the young students in the art of healing. The writer first ad-

verts to their moral qualifications, and recommends to them rectitude of principle, benevolence of disposition, and unwearied assiduity; and having disposed of matters essential to the moral character, he proceeds to the plan of study. It is presupposed that the individuals to whom this little volume is addressed, have previously passed through a regular apprenticeship with a practitioner, and that their time has been employed, not only in pounding and compounding ingredients, but in obtaining a knowledge of pharmacy, and likewise of some general principles of anatomy, together with the theory and practice of medicine. Assuming that all this has been accomplished, the author considers that two years at least should be devoted at one of the principal seats of professional learning; and he is of opinion, that a third year, for the preliminary duties, would be spent with great advantage at Edinburgh.

Anatomy is properly recommended as the first branch of study, it being the basis of every other; and a good foundation in this department, with a proper regard to the theory and practice of surgery, will leave little comparatively to acquire. But surgery itself, as dependent on medicine, implies the indispensable necessity of the knowledge of physic, which is too much neglected during the residence of the pupil in the metropolis; yet, the wider field of inquiry it demands, shews the absurdity of inattention when such a favourable opportunity of extensive examination is afforded.

The importance of chemistry is explained on the principle of affinities; medical botany is mentioned as useful, but subordinate; and lastly, general directions are given with respect to the obstetric art, and the diseases peculiar to infancy.

In each range of study, the most popular and excellent books are pointed out; and on the whole, a body of information is supplied in a concise form, which we earnestly recommend to every juvenile practitioner. Such is our feeling towards this oracular teacher, that in humble imitation of the wisest of the ancient philosophers, we readily offer a cock to our modern *Æsculapius*.

POETRY.

ART. 13.—*Clara; or, Fancy's Tale. A Poem, in three Cantos. By JOHN OWENS HOWARD. Dublin, for C. La Grange. pp. 211.*

IT is always our wish to speak favourably of the efforts of the muse, more especially on her first blushing appearance before the public; but we regret that we must give the author of this poem an opportunity of saying that we under-rate his talents of composition, and over-rate our own capacity of judging. Mr. Howard is obviously an Irishman, with a little too much of that redundancy of warmth for which his countrymen are remarkable, to be able coolly to weigh the value of his own compositions. If the story of this volume had been told in about one-fourth of the space it occupies, it would have much better deserved our praise. The following *quintuplication* of images, all diminishing the force and effect of the first, will illustrate our meaning, if it want any illustration.

“ Quick as the arrow from the bow,
Quick as the foot of hunted doe,
Quick as the driven Boreal wind,
Quick as the glance that strikes the mind,
Quick as the flash of tempest's light,
Stands by her side the stranger Knight.”

ART. 14.—*Amyntor and Adelaide; or, a Tale of Life: a Romance of Poetry, in Three Cantos. By CHARLES MASTERTON. London, Chapple, 66, Pall Mall, 1816. 12mo. pp. 119.*

THIS story, and the manner in which it is told, are alike pretty; but neither the one nor the other deserve a higher epithet. The hero, in his birth and character, is made to resemble an unfortunate poet, the events of whose life have been detailed in one of the most admirable pieces of biography that ever was penned. The author is a little too didactic in the manner in which he gives his relation, and he is full of reflections that have no higher claim to novelty than the themes that call for them. The two following stanzas are a favourable and characteristic specimen.

“ Yet such there be—I would that there were none—
Who make no friendships but to fill their maw;
Loving no mortal, when the feast is done
Which did their cormorant-assembly draw—

And though, in sooth, most men betray this flaw,
 Yet haply have we all met one, or two,
 Who would not care an ill-flesh'd bone to gnaw,
 Could they for neighbour deed of service do—
 Nor worse nor better were the friends Amyntor knew!

“ Friendship’s a name—the world is false and cold—
 All live for self! for other people none!
 ’Tis not more chilling to my touch, to hold
 Dull lead, or ice ne’er shone on by the sun,
 Than shake man’s hand—whose heart can ne’er be won!—
 Smooth are the words ‘well met! how are you?—speak!’
 And smoother still, ‘my friend! my love! my son!’—
 ’Tis cant—’tis nonsense—to deceive the weak!
 For human friendship’s bought—for hour, day, month, or week.”

This extract will shew, that the author is a young, and not a very skilful poet, who has injudiciously chosen perhaps the most difficult measure in the language. In reading the piece, we found several affectations of familiarity, which now and then degenerated into vulgarisms: thus *mayhap* is used for perhaps, &c. Of all stanzas, the one here chosen will least admit of such attempts.

ART. 15.—*Melancholy Hours; a Collection of Miscellaneous Poems.* London, John Richardson, 1816. 12mo. pp. 186.

IN this collection there are many neat, well-turned poems, and they are submitted to the public in a very unassuming manner. Whoever be the author or authors, (for we apprehend they are not all written by one individual,) it may be fairly said, that a very pretty taste runs through the greater part of the volume. The pieces are very varied in their subjects and in their forms; and among the best, we may notice the lines upon observing a marriage in the newspapers, and to a person who disliked poetry. We could have forgiven the author if he had not been so warm an admirer of the publications of Lord Byron.

POLITE ARTS.

ART. 16.—*Companion to the Ball-Room; containing a Choice Collection of the most original and admired Country Dance, Reel, Hornpipe, and Waltz Tunes: with a variety of appropriate Figures, the Etiquette, and a Dissertation on the State of the Ball-Room. By THOMAS WILSON.* London, Button, 1816. 8vo. pp. 232.

IT seems that the author of this work had been applied to, to prepare a pocket collection of correct and favourite country dances, with appropriate figures, and which might include equally instruction to the dancer and the musician; and the present publication shews the success with which the purpose has been fulfilled. It is so long since we have been visited by the Danso-mania, and with the certainty of its having taken a final leave of us, that we shall not presume to judge of the merits of Mr. Wilson in his own profession; but we may be allowed to say, that from the dissertation at the conclusion we have received no small degree of amusement. He there tells us of the universality of his art; that it has been practised by every person on the “terraquéous globe,” rude or civilized; and he regrets that the teachers employed in it (which are equal, if not superior in number, to those engaged in any other) should not, like him, have become instructive authors on the subject. He assigns as the cause of this neglect, not any deficiency of literary talent in his brethren, but their wish to conceal the mysteries of their lucrative employment, and (mercy on him!) the ignorance of publishers and booksellers, who cannot appreciate the value of the disclosure. Under such views, the ingenious writer, who is actuated by higher motives, laments that the inquiry had not been taken up sooner, so that the evils complained of might have been of less magnitude. This is a new feature in the distresses of the country, of which we, as critics, were not until this moment apprised; and we refer it to others to consider the remedy Mr. Wilson recommends: for, although acquainted with some few of the figures in our own art, we see no analogy in these by which we can explain the figures in the art with which this expert gentleman is conversant. He has, however, filched one from the profession to which we belong—the hyperbole.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

ART. 17.—*Means of improving the Condition of the Poor in Morals and Happiness ; considered in a Lecture delivered in the Minor Institute, August 22, 1816: to which is prefixed a short Account of that Institution.* By THOMAS WILLIAMS. London, Hatchard, 1816. 8vo. pp. 64.

THIS lecture consists principally of calculations in political arithmetic, drawn from the tables of Mr. Colquhoun, with observations upon them. It was read at Highbury Place, Islington, where we presume this society is established. The lecturer very fitly attributes the depravity that prevails to vice and idleness ; and, as one of the cures of profligacy, he recommends early marriages. God, he says, enjoined this rite “to a naked world, and every man who turns the age of twenty-five unmarried, is to be blamed or pitied.” In noticing the classes of the unfortunate, he observes, “Here are two hundred and eighty thousand persons, besides paupers, without any lawful occupation, living by their wits.” We at first thought that the worthy gentleman was designating our laborious brethren of the quill, and that he rather over-reckoned the numerical state of the fraternity ; but we find in this estimate he comprehends beggars, prostitutes, gamblers, criminals, and show-men.

In the first part, having examined into the scenes of national corruption and distress, he inquires, in the second, as to the means of preventing vice and its attendant calamities. Among these he recommends the suppression of Sunday newspapers, which he calls the engines of profaneness, infidelity, and sedition. He treats them as inventions, “the whole praise of which is due to the age of innovation,” and he considers that they “will produce, if not effectually checked, effects more mischievous to the great cause of godliness than many of those changes” (the subversion and revolution of empires) “which we have already beheld with much astonishment and regret.” It is curious to observe with what avidity and virulence mistaken zeal will select some innocent and harmless instrument on which to indulge its rage. This insensate declamation reminds us of a missionary, of the peaceful and virtuous society of Friends, who took a voyage of three thousand miles, across the Atlantic, to proclaim the three crying sins of the British nation which were to expose it to the destruction of Sodom and Nineveh :

" capes to the coat, slashed pockets, and powder in the hair." We are sure the writer has the best intentions, and we only wish him equal discretion to carry them into effect.

ART. 18.—*West-Indian Sketches, drawn from authentic Sources.*—No. 3. *Legal Condition of the Slave-Trade.*—No. 4. *The Nature of West-Indian Slavery further illustrated by certain Occurrences in the Island of Tortola.* London, Ellerton. pp. 23—40. 8vo. 1816.

THESE are a continuation of a series of pamphlets, intended in the shortest form to expose the mischievous consequences of the Slave Trade; and a letter is introduced into the first of those now before us, from Dr. Pinckard, dated 25th May, 1796, reciting many acts of cruelty. In this communication he particularly adverts, and with just severity, to the doctrine of one of the criminal judges, who published it as his opinion, in a Colonial Gazette, and with the sanction of his name, "that the authority of the master over his negroes is not to be encumbered with official formalities,"—and "that his power cannot, without danger, be brought into doubt or discussion, and should never be opposed or thwarted by any intermediate authority."

The second sketch is chiefly taken from papers which were laid on the table of the House of Commons in 1812. Some reference is also made to the Report of the Trial of Mr. Hodge, at Tortola, who had been one of the members of his Majesty's council for the Virgin Islands.

We are ourselves warm and zealous advocates of the abolition of the slave-trade, and sincere and ardent friends to all those who co-operate for its final termination. To their attention we recommend with concern the success with which it has been lately conducted from the Havannah, and other western dependencies of the Spanish crown. Sir Thomas Yeo seems not to have been provided with the necessary instructions to intercept the traders.

THEOLOGY.

- ART. 19.—*Sermons, translated from the French of DANIEL DE SUPERVILLE, formerly Pastor to the French Protestant Church at Rotterdam; with Memoirs of his Life.* By JOHN ALLEN. London, Burton and Briggs, 1816. 8vo. pp. 401.

THE translator was induced to give an English dress to this work from the acknowledged merit of the discourses, and we are glad to observe his intention of following them with others in the same attire. Among these, we shall be glad to find included the sermon preached on the 30th Sept. 1691, when the author was appointed regular pastor at Rotterdam, and which was published by himself, under the title of the "Triumph of the Gospel."

Daniel de Superville was a native of France, and studied at the College of Saumur: he subsequently continued his literary and theological pursuits at Geneva. He was a Protestant minister in his native country, when the edict of Nantz was revoked, and the public exercise of the reformed religion was forbidden. Under these circumstances, he had offers from Berlin, London, Hamburgh, and Rotterdam; but he preferred fulfilling his sacred functions at the last, when he was nominated pastor with the learned James Basnage. In this town he died, on the 9th June, 1728, at the age of nearly 71 years.

TOPOGRAPHY.

- ART. 20.—*The Terra Incognita of Lincolnshire, with Observations, moral, descriptive, and historical, in original Letters, written purposely for the improvement of Youth, during the months of May and October, 1815.* By MISS HATFIELD. London, Robinson, 12mo. pp. 144. 1816.

IT seems that this lady has before written some works on Theology and Mythology, which received a favourable notice in a paragraph of this and another contemporary Review. We wish that the present had been entitled to the same respect. The author, pining for "rural quiet, the contemplation of nature, the study of books, and the converse of friendship," sets off in a barouche and four, with Lady W. and Lady N., to the mansion of the latter; and, a steward

having served as an escort, the double iron gates are thrown open, the avenue is penetrated, and these august visitors are admitted with due magnificence. But where resides this ceremonious family? The title page tells us that these splendid cognitæ inhabit the Terra Incognita of Lincolnshire. On looking to the narrative, we observe that the last set of horses was taken at Brigg, or Briggs, a name which we suppose was not sufficiently refined and delicate for the modest ears of the fair authoress, and therefore it being out of her power to designate the situation by its proximity to one of the most respectable provincial towns, she christens the retreat with a new name, and leaves her readers to discover their old acquaintance as they can. The whole of this production is, from the beginning to the end, an affectation of meanings never meant, and feelings never felt; and although the letters are professedly written for the improvement of youth, they can neither impart instruction nor entertainment to those of any period of life. We ought not to omit to observe that this work is embellished with a plate, which the lady calls a representation of "Julian Bower, Alkborough Hill, Lincolnshire." From what romantic fancy she or any other person may have denominated it a bower we cannot devise, but the simple account we have of it in Russell is this: "At Alkborough there is still a small square intrenchment or camp, now called Countess Close, from a Countess of Warwick who it is said lived there, or owned the estate." This lady should know that there are two requisites in an author above all other things important—to be correct, and to be intelligible.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, &c.

Literary Intelligence, &c.

<p>A third edition of a Practical Abridgement of the Custom and Excise Laws relative to the Import, Export, and Coasting Trade of Great Britain and her Dependencies, including Tables of Duties, Drawbacks, Bounties, and Premiums: and an Index. By Charles Pope, Controlling Surveyor of the Warehouses in Bris-</p>	<p>tol; and late of the Custom-house, London.—The additions to this third edition will comprise between 80 and 90 new Acts of Parliament; all the treatises in anywise affecting British commerce, recently concluded with foreign powers; many of the adjudged cases; opinions of Law Officers, and various other matters.</p>
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Miss Holcroft has in the press, *Fortitude and Frailty*, a Novel, in 4 vols.

Purity of Heart, or the Ancient Costume, a Tale, in 1 vol. is about to appear, addressed to the author of *Glenarvon*, by an old Wife of Twenty Years.

The Rev. C. Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, will soon publish *An Appeal to Men of Wisdom and Candour*, in four discourses preached before the University of Cambridge, in November, 1815.

It is proposed to publish early in November, a second edition of Mr. Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*; being an attempt to apply experimental reasoning to moral subjects.

A new edition of the *Student's Journal* (for literary purposes) and the *Private Diary* (for general use), formed on the plan recommended by Mr. Gibbon, and arranged for containing an account of every day's employment for the space of one year, with Indexes, &c. are about to be published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey. Both works will be ready for delivery with the pocket-books and almanacks for the new year.

Mrs. Anne Plumtree is preparing for publication, a Narrative of her late Residence in Ireland. It will be embellished with a portrait of the author, and numerous plates of remarkable scenery from original drawings taken on the spot.

The Continuation of Miss Burney's *Tales of Fancy* may be expected in the course of a few weeks.

The *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Benjamin Franklin*, comprising his private and fa-

miliar Correspondence, now first printed from the original Manuscripts, bequeathed to his Grandson, William Temple Franklin, Esq. are in a forward state for publication.

We understand that a Series of Letters are preparing for publication, written by the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield to Mr. Arthur Stanhope, relative to the education of his son Philip, the late Earl.

It is expected that the *Historical Account of the Battle of Waterloo*, drawn up under the best authority by Mr. Mudford, and embellished with numerous coloured plates, plans, &c. will be completed in the month of December.

Mr. John Mason Good has in the press a work to be intitled, a *Physiological System of Nosology*, with a simplified and corrected Nomenclature, &c.; the whole will form an 8vo volume.

A *Treatise on Spherics*, comprising the Elements of Spherical Geometry, and of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry; together with a Series of Trigonometrical Tables, will be published early in November. By D. Cresswell, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

To be published by subscription, *Sermons on the Parables*. By the Rev. W. M. Trinder.

Speedily will appear, in a neat portable volume, *A New Grammar of the French Language*, on a Plan perfectly original, intended for the use of those who wish to acquire a speedy and grammatical Knowledge of Modern French; interspersed with ingenious Exercises and Examples, illustrative of the peculiar

Construction and Idiom of the Language: the whole calculated to facilitate the Acquirement of Grammatical Knowledge, without the unnecessary Fatigue and Perplexity of the old System. By Charles Peter Whitaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen, Professor of Languages.

W. H. Yate, Esq. has in the press, *Free Suggestions and Reflections* submitted to the Legislature of the United Kingdom.

The Rev. R. Warner, of Bath, will soon publish, *Sermons for every Sunday in the Year, including Christmas Day and Good Friday.*

Dr. Badham is preparing for the press, an *Itinerary from Rome to Athens, by the route of Brundisium, the Ionian Islands, and Albania, with classical Recollections of the various Sites that occur in the Journey.*

The Hon. and Rev. E. Turnour has in the press, *Sermons on the Union of Truth, Reason, and Revelation in the Doctrine of the Established Church.*

The Rev. Samuel Burdy, author of the *Life of Skelton*, is preparing a *Compendium of the History of Ireland.*

S. T. Coleridge, Esq. has in

the press, the *Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight.*

Mr. D'Israeli is printing a third volume of the *Curiosities of Literature.* He has also nearly ready for the press, a *History of Men of Genius*, being his *Essay on the Literary Character* considerably enlarged.

Mr. Ryan has in the press, a *Treatise on Mining and Ventilation, embracing the subject of the Coal Stratification of Great Britain and Ireland.*

Poems by the late Edward Rushton, of Liverpool, are preparing.

The Rev. W. Ettrick has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, the *Season and Time, or an Explanation of the Prophecies that relate to the two periods of Daniel, subsequent to the 1260 years now recently expired.*

Lord Byron has completed a second part of *Childe Harold*, which will appear with all convenient speed.

Miss D. P. Campbell, a resident in one of the northernmost isles of Scotland, will speedily publish (by subscription) an 8vo. volume of *Poems*, toward the support of a distressed mother, and a younger brother and sister.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Nautic Hours: being Poems by a Naval Officer.

A Garland for the Grave of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. By Charles Phillips, Esq. Barrister at Law.

A Defence of the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour (in answer to some Letters by Mr. T. C. Holland, in

which that doctrine was attacked); with remarks on the personality of the Holy Ghost. By Edward Law, A. M. Minister of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Preston, and Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Chester.

Medical, Geographical, and Agricultural Report of a Committee appointed by the Madras Government

to inquire into the Causes of the Epidemic Fever, which prevailed in the Provinces of Coimbatore, Madura, Dindigul, and Tinnivelly, during the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, of which Dr W. Ainslie was President, Mr. A. Smith, Second Member, and Dr. M. Christy, Third Member. Illustrated with a map where the Fever prevailed.

Joannis Scapulae Lexicon Græco-Latinum; ex Probatis Auctoribus Locupletatum, cum Indicibus, et Græco et Latino, auctis et correctis. Additum auctarium Dialectorum, in Tabulas compendiose redactarum. Accedunt Lexicon Etymologicum, cum Thematibus Investigatu Difficilioribus et Anomalis. Et Joannis Meursii Glossarium contractum, hactenus desideratum. Editio nova, in qua, nunc primum, Vocabula ex Appendice Askeviana secundum litterarum seriem inseruntur.

Christianity Liberal, according to the genuine and full import of the term; a Sermon preached at the Visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Wilts, holden at Marlborough, July 23, 1816. By Walter Birch, B. D. Vicar of Stanton St. Bernard's, and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Published at the request of the Clergy present.

Villasantelle; or, the Curious Impertinent, a Romance. By Catharine Selden.

The Lives of Dr. Edward Pocock, the celebrated Orientalist, by Dr. Twells;—of Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, and of Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, by themselves;—and of the Rev. Philip Skelton, by Mr. Burdy.

The Biblical Cyclopædia; or, Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures: intended to facilitate an acquaintance with the Inspired Writings. By William Jones, author of the History of the Waldenses.

Sermons on Various Subjects. By the late Richard Price, D. D. F.R.S.

The Dyer's Guide; being an Introduction to the Art of Dying Linen, Cotton, Silk, Wool, Silk and Muslin Dresses, Furniture, &c. &c. With Directions for Calendering, Glazing, and Framing the various Species; with an Appendix of Ob-

servations, Chemical and Explanatory, essential to the proper and scientific Knowledge of the Art, according to the modern practice. By Thomas Packer, Dyer.

Numbers 1 and 2, each containing 10 engravings, to be continued Monthly, of Walks through London, including Westminster and the Borough of Southwark, with the surrounding Suburbs, describing every thing worthy of observation in the Public Buildings, Places of Entertainment, Exhibitions, Commercial and Literary Institutions, &c. down to the present period, and forming a complete Guide to the British Metropolis. By David Hughson, LL. D.

A System of Geography, for the Use of Schools, on a new and perfectly easy plan; in which the European Boundaries are stated, as settled by the Peace of Paris, Nov. 1815. By John Bigland, author of Letters on Ancient and Modern History, History of England, Geographical and Historical View of the World, &c. &c.

With a Map of Scotland, the Third Edition, corrected and much improved, of Duncan's Itinerary of Scotland. Containing the Roads through Scotland, and the principal Roads to London; with the Gentlemen's Seats and other remarkable Objects on each Road. With an Appendix, containing some Account of the Canals, Lakes, Mountains, Harbours, and Romantic Scenery, deserving the Traveller's Notice.

The Third Edition, with considerable additions and improvements, of Rules for English Composition, and particularly for Themes: designed for the Use of Schools, and in Aid of Self-Instruction. By John Rippingham.

The Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, of a French Delectus; or, Sentences and Passages collected from the most esteemed French Authors; designed to facilitate a Knowledge of the French Tongue. Arranged under the several Heads of the Parts of Speech, together with promiscuous Passages and Idioms. By the Rev. Israel Worsley.

The Practice of the Exchequer of Pleas; with an Appendix of Forms in General Use. By James Manning, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

An Introduction to the Knowledge of the Christian Religion, in Two Parts.

1. An explanation of the most material words and things in the Church Catechism.

2. An explanation of the two Covenants; the great Feasts and Fasts of the Church, and some religious terms designed to prepare people for understanding Sermons, the Holy Scriptures, and other good Books; to which are added forms of Prayer for several occasions. By H. Crossman, M. A. Rector of Little Bromley, Essex.

The History of Lincoln, containing an account of the Antiquities, Edifices, Trade, and Customs of that ancient City, an introductory sketch of the County, &c. &c. with plates.

Souter's Complete Set of Arithmetical Tables; containing, besides those usually given, three New Tables, viz. one of Addition, one of Subtraction, and one of Division.

Further Observations on the State of the Nation.

1. The means of employing labour.
2. The Sinking Fund, and its application.
3. Pauperism.
4. Protection requisite to the Landed and Agricultural Interests. By Richard Preston, Esq. M. P.

An Inquiry into the Present State of the British Navy, its Rise and Progress; together with Reflections on the late War with America, its probable consequences, &c. &c. &c. By a Post Captain.

Remarks occasioned by the "Notes and Observations of a Magistrate of the County of Middlesex, upon the Minutes of Evidence taken before a Select Committee, appointed by the House of Commons, to Inquire into the State of the Police of the Metropolis." By a Real Lover of Justice.

A Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of St. Mary, East-Bourne, on Sunday, the 15th of September, 1816. By the Rev. Peter Fraser, A. M. Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to H. R. H.

the Duke of Cambridge; in Support of the Subscription Schools of that Parish on the Madras System.

Strathallan; a Novel, in 3 vols. By Alicia Lefann, Grand-daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq.

Claudine, or Pertinacity; a Novel. By Mrs. Bridget Bluemantle.

Practical Hints to Young Females on the Duties of a Wife, a Mother, and a Mistress of a Family. By Mrs. Taylor. 6th edit.

Practical and Familiar Sermons, designed for Parochial and Domestic Instruction. By the Rev. Edward Cooper, Rector of Hamstall-Ridware, and of Yoxall, in the County of Stafford; and late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

A Chemical Chart or Table; exhibiting an Elementary View of Chemistry, intended for the Use of Students and Young Practitioners in Physic; also to revive the memory of more experienced Persons, adapted for hanging up in Public or Private Libraries. Dedicated, by permission, to George Pearson, Esq. M. D. F. R. S. Senior Physician to St. George's Hospital, of the College of Physicians, London, &c. By Robert Crowe, M. D. Surgeon in the Royal Navy.

The Remedy; or Thoughts on the Present Distresses: in a Letter to a Public Editor, July 3, 1816. 9d edit. with additions.

Defence of the Colonies; with Remarks on the French District of St. Domingo, and other Political References. By Amicus Mundi.

French and English Dialogues, written for the Use of the Countess of Sefton's Children. By Miss Dickinson, of Twickenham.

Practical Instructions for Suing-out and Prosecuting a Commission of Bankrupt, with the best Modern Precedents, and a Digest of Supplemental Cases. By Edward Christian, Esq. Barrister, Professor of Law, and Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely.

Second edition of Conformity to the World inconsistent with the Profession of Christianity, illustrated in Three Dialogues between Mrs. Dormer and Miss Newman. By Thomas T. Biddulph, A. M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol; and of Durston

Somersetshire; and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Dowager Lady Bagot.

Brief Memoirs of Four Christian Hindoos, lately deceased. Published by the Serampore Missionaries.

A Sketch of the British Far-Trade of North America; with Observations relative to the North West Company of Montreal. By the Earl of Selkirk.

The Annals of Medicine and Surgery; or, Records of the occurring Improvements in Medicine and Surgery, and the immediately connected Arts and Sciences.

Sketches of India; or, Observations descriptive of the Scenery, &c. in Bengal. Written in India in the Years 1811-12-13 and 1814. Together with Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, and St. Helena. Written at those places in February, March, and April, 1813.

Travels in Brazil, from Pernambuco to Seara; beside occasional Excursions. Also a Voyage to Maranam. The whole exhibiting a Picture of the State of Society, during a Residence of Six Years in that Country. Illustrated by plates of costumes. By Henry Koster.

Vol. I. of Experimental Outlines for a New Theory of Colours, Light, and Vision: with critical Remarks on Sir Isaac Newton's Opinions, and some new Experiments on Radiant Caloric. By Joseph Reade, M. D. Annual President of the Royal Physi-

cal, and Member of the Royal Medical Societies of Edinburgh, &c. &c.

Part VII. of Picturesque Delineations of the Southern Coast of England. Engraved by W. B. Cooke and G. Cooke. Contents: Netley Abbey, drawn by W. Westall, A. R. A.—Plymouth Dock, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.—Bonchurch, by Joshua Christall—Shakspeare Cliff, by S. Owen—Beach of Ventnor, by P. Dewint.

Faith and Works contrasted and reconciled, in Six Letters to a Christian Friend. Containing Remarks on a late Address by Dr. Chalmers (of Glasgow) and other Sentiments as to the Doctrine of Grace. Shewing also, that the Influence of the Gospel extends to all the common Transactions of Life.

Nautical Astronomy by Night; comprehending Practical Directions for knowing and observing the principal Fixed Stars visible in the Northern Hemisphere. To which is prefixed, a short Account of the most interesting Phenomena in the Science of Astronomy. The whole illustrated by several Engravings. Intended chiefly for the Use of the Royal Navy, and calculated to render more familiar the Knowledge of the Stars, and the Practice of observing by them. By Wm. Edward Parry, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy.

Practical Illustrations of Typhus, and other Febrile Diseases. By John Armstrong, M.D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An authenticated report from Tralee Assizes is not in a form to receive notice in this Review.

The note respecting a work on Economical Subjects, dated the 7th of October, from a mistake with regard to the delivery at the late Printers, did not reach the Editors' hands until the 22d. The pamphlet referred to will be noticed in our next publication.

The proposal of C. E. D. is under consideration.

A short pamphlet, on an interesting subject connected with Rustic Morals, was not submitted to the Editors in time for notice this month.

A short and interesting Tale would have been noticed, had it not been before the public last year, and reviewed elsewhere.